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OUR SERIALS.

We commenced in the last Number a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. Dickens's new serial, "A Tale of Two Cities," was commenced in Harper's Weekly on May 7, and Mr. Curtis's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "Trumps," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

We mentioned in a recent number the death of the famous Prince Metternich. We are now enabled to lay before our readers an authentic portrait of that celebrated man, together with a few details of his life.

He was born at Coblentz, May 15, 1773, and was consequently eighty-six years of age at the time of his death. He was born noble, handsome, intelligent; a thorough course of studies at the University of Strasbourg developed his mind; association with a refined aristocracy polished his manners. At the age of seventeen he was selected to be master of ceremonies—an office requiring nothing beyond a showy person and a courtly carriage—at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold the Second. Thus brought into proximity with courts, his vocation declared itself. After a term of law study he was formally enrolled in the Austrian diplomatic body, and became, at twenty-one years of age Austrian Embassador at the Hague. Such opportunities might well presage a brilliant career.

At the age of twenty-three he was selected by the ancient and haughty nobles of Westphalia to represent them at the Congress of Rastadt. Here first, it is said, he gave evidence of something more than good looks and good breeding; he developed such diplomatic ability that his Government soon afterward transferred him from the Hague to Dresden, and from Dresden to Berlin. It was at Berlin that he began to take a lead in Continental politics. Napoleon was again preparing to convulse Europe. Metternich proposed, and in spite of the opposition of rival ministers succeeded in consummating, a league between Prussia, Austria, and Russia. This placed him in the first rank of diplomatists; and when, in 1806, Austria needed a Minister at Paris whom Napoleon could neither frighten nor cajole, Metternich was selected.

"You are very young," said the Emperor, on seeing the Minister of thirty-two, "to represent so old an empire as Austria."

"Not younger than your Majesty was at Austerlitz," was the courtly reply.

The Emperor soon found him old enough.

The Treaty of Fontainebleau showed no evidence of inexperience; and the Prince's success in French society was unbounded. He was gifted with extraordinary conversational powers, great fascinations of manner, and an exceedingly sweet smile. Among women he was irresistible at an age when few men preserve any pretensions to the favor of the sex. Austrian as he was, and vigorously as he opposed Napoleon, the ladies, and many of the men, of the gay French capital had nothing to refuse him. Napoleon himself, as he said, had "a sort of liking for him." It was during this embassy, in all probability, that he had the interview with Napoleon which he described, forty years afterward, to M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*. The account is in Metternich's own words:

"I had a conversation with Napoleon one day when the Pope was at Savonna, a prisoner of France. Napoleon was not wanting in a certain affection for me, and he knew that the Pope honored me with some confidence. He called me one day, and said to me, 'Do me a service. I am tired of the captivity of the Pope. It is a situation from which nothing good can arise, and it is necessary that it should not be prolonged. I wish you to go to Savonna. The Pope grants you his friendship; you will speak to him on my behalf, as a common friend; and you will induce him to accept a plan which I have arranged to settle that unfortunate affair.'

"I observed that the authority of the Emperor would be necessary for me. 'Do you refuse me that,' he replied. 'It seems to me that you will be in no way compromised in employing your efforts for the peace of the world.' 'It is that,' I continued, smiling, 'I doubt if that is really peace which your Majesty proposes to the Pope. Will you make your plan known to me?' 'Here it is,' said Napoleon, in a very tranquil manner. 'In future the See of the Church would not be any more at Rome, but at Paris.'

"I could not restrain a movement of surprise and a smile of incredulity.

"'Yes,' replied that formidable man, 'I will bring the Pope to Paris, and I will establish the See of the Church there. But I wish that the sovereign pontiff should be independent. I will give him a comfortable establishment near the capital. I will give him a chateau; and in order that he might be in his own house, I will make the territory for some leagues around his palace neutral ground. He will there have his college of cardinals, his corps diplomatique, his congregations, his court; and, so that he should want for nothing, I will guarantee him an annual endowment of six millions. Do you think he will refuse that?'

"'I am sure he would, and all Europe would support him in his refusal. The Pope would find, not without reason, that he would be as much a prisoner with your six millions as he is at Savonna.'

"Napoleon declaimed very loudly, abounded in argument, and alleged a thousand stunning reasons. At last I said to him, 'Your Majesty has drawn a secret from me. The Emperor of Austria has had the same idea as yourself. He sees that you do not wish to send back the Pope to Rome; he does not wish the Pope to remain in prison; and he also thinks, notwithstanding, of making provision for him. Your Majesty knows the royal chateau of Schœnbrunn. The Emperor will give it to the Pope, with a territory of ten or fifteen leagues, entirely neutral, and he will add an allowance of twelve millions of revenue. If the Pope accepts that arrangement, would you consent?'

"He perfectly understood the apologue, but he was the stronger, and he wished to have the opinion of Pius VII. on his plan. The sovereign pontiff replied, as I had so easily foreseen, that Savonna appeared to him as good a prison as Paris; that he was there, moreover, in the centre of the Church; that his conscience was his free territory; that six millions a year were not necessary for his wants, and that twenty sous a day, which he would thankfully receive in voluntary alms from Christians, were sufficient for him."

After a couple of years' stay at Paris he was recalled to Vienna to take the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was only thirty-six years of age. He signalized his assumption of office by a renewal of the war against France—it must be admitted, with very poor success. As the *Charivari* says, the French have always been in the habit of beating the Austrians, and it is a difficult matter to get rid of old habits. In the war of 1809 the Austrians were most thoroughly beaten in battle after battle, their capital was taken, their army destroyed, their empire dismembered, and the Emperor forced to accept a humiliating peace. A poor commencement for Metternich's administration! He contrived, however, when all was lost, to make the best of the situation, and gladly embraced Napoleon's offer of a matrimonial alliance between his House and the Hapsburgs. It was Metternich himself who conducted Marie-Louise to Paris.

It seems, from the writings of those who knew his sentiments, that he had hopes of inducing Napoleon to treat Austria as the equal of France. He was soon disappointed. In 1812 the Austrian army was forced to join the French in the disastrous campaign against Russia. Metternich's wrath at the result knew no bounds. All that winter (1812-'13) he devoted his energies to creating and fomenting a fierce anti-Gallic spirit among the Germans; by the spring it was ready to explode. Metternich played his game with consummate dexterity. The war began in March; Russia and Prussia took the field in May; in June some of the smaller German States joined them; but it was not till the 27th July, when Napoleon's army had been much weakened, that Austria joined the coalition at Toplitz. Napoleon was now ready to treat, and an armistice to 10th August was agreed upon; the time was wasted in negotiations; at 1 A.M.

THE LATE PRINCE METTERNICH.—[From a Photograph.]

on 11th Metternich declared war, and prosecuted it with vigor until the battle of Leipsic, which destroyed the French power in Germany.

It was just previous to the Austrian intervention—in the month of June, 1813—that Napoleon had a conversation with Metternich, which has been recorded. The Emperor complimented the Austrian in the highest manner, and then went on to ask him if, in obedience to his policy, he was to evacuate Europe, half of which he then held with his victorious legions, and to place himself at the mercy of those of whom he was virtually the conqueror? It was while his standards still floated at the mouths of the Vistula and on the banks of the Oder; when his victorious army was at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, and he in person at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Metternich desired him to yield without striking a blow. "And it is my father-in-law," said Napoleon to the minister, "that has matured such a project; it is he that sends you on such a mission. In what position would he place me in regard to the French people? Does he suppose that a dishonored and mutilated throne can be a refuge for his son-in-law and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?"

This violent apostrophe was delivered while Napoleon, strongly excited, was striding up and down the apartment; and at the insulting expression which nothing in the character or conduct of the Austrian diplomatist could for an instant justify, the Emperor let his hat, which he held in his hand, fall to the ground. Metternich turned pale, but without making the movement to raise it, which his politeness would at any other moment have dictated, suffered him to pass and repass it several times, and at length the Emperor kicked it aside himself.

The wisdom of Metternich's policy was acknowledged by the Emperor, who created him a Prince of the Empire on the field of battle at Leipsic. He was the life and soul of the various treaties which followed, and which led to the retirement of Napoleon to Elba; and it was mere justice to select him as President of the National Congress which met at Vienna in the ensuing spring. He was then thirty-eight years of age; still a man of very striking appearance; an admirable linguist and debater; and, young as he was, as profound a diplomatist and statesman as any of the hoary-headed ministers by whom he was surrounded. When the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba burst upon the assembled plenipotentiaries, Metternich was the coolest of the assembly. Of all present, he and his master had most to fear from the escape of the caged lion, for the one was his relative, the other the man who had brought about the relationship. But Metternich only smiled in his feline way at the astounding news, and amused his friends with sarcastic descriptions of the terror of many of the foreign diplomatists.

Then following the brief but stirring episode of the Hundred Days, during which Metternich watched events keenly, prepared in any event to make terms for his master and himself. Ten days before the battle of Waterloo he organized the German Federation, under the Presidency of Austria, and succeeded in persuading all the German States to enter into a solemn league to defend any one of the number which was assailed by a foreign Power. In September he was in Paris, extending his work. The Holy Alliance, of which he more than any other man deserves to be called the father, was duly consummated by all Europe, with the exception of France, which was paralyzed, placed herself in the hands of Metternich; at his bidding the sovereigns deliberately entered upon a career of despotism which seems almost incredible at the present day. It was at this time that the "Metternich system" began to be first talked of. The Prince himself affected to laugh at the expression, and to M. Veuillot joked on the long dissertations of the journals on the Metternich system. "I study my right," he said, "when I know it well; I try to maintain it or to make it prevail, but always having respect to men, and to the circumstances and time. I have a principle never to bring myself in contact with impossibilities. That is all my system."

In point of fact, for nearly a generation after the downfall of Europe, the utmost efforts of the European Sovereigns were directed toward crushing out popular aspirations for liberty and political rights, and for consolidating despotic thrones on the double base of divine-right superstitions and powerful standing armies. The high-priest and champion of this system was Prince Metternich.

How well it succeeded we all know. Honors and power and wealth flowed upon Metternich. His master gave him the castle and estate of Johannisberg—perhaps the noblest in Germany. Other monarchs loaded him with orders and titles. Naples, grateful for the aid of Austrian soldiers to put down Neapolitan patriots, paid him in money. Even the university of Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws.

It was then that he began that policy in Italy which rendered the present war inevitable. By means of secret treaties with all the potentates of Italy, except the King of Piedmont, he bound the sovereigns to withhold constitutions from their subjects, and acquired the right of quartering Austrians within their States. He obtained, in fact, all the advantages of actual dominion without any of its drawbacks. It is curious to read Metternich's own statement of his views on the Italian question, as stated to M. Veuillot:

"The Prince spoke with great contempt of Italian unitarianism. 'Of all the chimeras of the time,' he said, 'perhaps that is the most stupid. That which at the most might be conceived was a kingdom of Upper Italy, formed of Lombardy and Piedmont; but union is opposed to the character of the two peoples. At the bottom of all these patriotic pretenses which were purposely held up, the illusion could be clearly seen. Political towns hate each other—commercial towns wish to destroy each other. Milan wishes to absorb Turin, Genoa wishes to devour Venice.'

"If Venice leaves the Austrian dominion, she will fall into immediate and absolute ruin. Genoa and Ancona are not ignorant of that. I would like very much, on my own account, that Venice should not be necessary to Austria as a military position, and that it could be abandoned. That would be a great relief to the treasury. The imposts of Venice merely suffice to pay for cleaning the canals each year. To keep up the city, to preserve the palaces from falling to ruin, and to fill up the lagoons, the Emperor has to expend many millions every year. The breakwater, which is on the point of being completed, to prevent the harbor from being choked with sand, has cost thirty millions. It is not Venice herself that could perform such great works; neither will it be the kingdom of Upper Italy. The rival cities would put a stop to it. That great wreck can not remain standing but under the protection of a great empire."

By such specious reasoning this ingenious man succeeded in laying Italy waste, and sowing the seeds of disasters for his own country, of which the end can not be forseen.

His life at this time was much devoted to pleasure. He was at all times much devoted to gallantry, and in his youth is said to have been extraordinarily successful with ladies, and utterly unprincipled. He was thrice married; his last two wives, who were much younger than their husband, were remarkable for beauty and accomplishments. Common report, however, accuses him of neglecting them for the fresher attractions of each successive Court beauty. Every one is familiar with the scandalous stories to which his intimacy with the Emperor's mother gave rise; more than one rising youth at Vienna is said to owe his paternity to the gay amours of Prince Metternich. In his home, however, he was always loved. M. Veuillot has drawn quite a touching picture of his life during his disgrace, in 1849, when his third wife presided over his household:

"The following Saturday," says M. Veuillot, "I dined a second time at the house of M. de Metternich. I was at the side of the Princess, a very noble lady, who had not lost all her celebrated beauty. Great, proud in stature, in language, in attitude, and sentiment—perhaps a little excess in her majesty. But one is touched with the tenderness which she exhibits to her husband—a great deal older than she is—and with the respectful affection which she renders him. Besides, she did not crush me with the weight of her crown; and I felt obliged to her to be classed among the sons of God, as La Bruyere says, who are complaisant and simple for the children of the earth.

"I spoke to her of the respect with which the Prince inspired me, and of the recognizance which he always accorded me, as well as of the kindness which he always manifested toward me.

"'He is so good,' she said to me. 'I can not help,' I continued, 'expressing to your highness how much I regret being condemned to see that grand and noble character attacked and misunderstood as he has been.' At this expression tears started to her eyes. 'Aggressions and political hatred are nothing,' she said. 'That which is hard to suffer are the studied outrages of ingratitude. It is the insolence of rebellious varlets who have become more wicked than they ought to be after having been more servile than was required of them. They have known the opinions of the Prince—they have a thousand times experienced his tenderness of heart—they have had the most convincing proofs of his loyal wisdom, and at the same time they calumniate his understanding and his heart.'

"'Madame,' said I, 'it is necessary to follow the example which he gives you, and forget the rebellion of those unfortunate creatures—even their very existence.'

"'I can not do so,' she replied, weeping bitterly; 'that is too much cowardice and perfidy. History will not avenge us, and it will not know that admirable heart which they have defamed. They have dared to speak of patriotism and of humanity. It is the Prince that has loved and served his country, and who has suffered in not being able to procure from the world the good it promised these odious liars.'"

The Revolution of 1830 seems to have taken Metternich by surprise. Europe had been so long quiet, and the Germans took so kindly to his method of directing their energies toward art and letters instead of politics, that he seems to have supposed that there would be no more trouble about such abstractions as popular rights.

The first exclamation of Francis, when the intelligence reached him, was, "Alles ist verloren!" and "All is lost!" seemed for a moment to become the maxim of his Minister. Metternich, however, soon learned the secret of the new French King's character, and a tacit understanding arose between the Governments of Austria and France.

The affair of February upset him altogether. To quote from a well-informed authority:

"In February, 1848, the monarchy of France was again overturned. The shock reached Vienna. A street tumult of two or three hours, on the 13th of March, 1848, was sufficient to destroy the entire fabric of the Government. The ex-Chancellor of State stuck to the last moment to his old system. As the deputation of citizens, on the evening of the 13th, arrived at the court, they passed through a suit of rooms into a spacious hall, where Archduke John received them. As the speaker of the deputation depicted the unfortunate state of affairs, and urged the necessity of a speedy decision on the part of the Government, Archduke John quieted him by saying that the first measure would be the resignation of Prince Metternich. At these words the Prince came out of the adjoining room, in which all the archdukes and ministers had assembled to deliberate, and leaving the door open, he said in a loud tone, 'I will not resign, gentlemen. No, I will not resign!' Archduke John upon this, without answering the Prince, repeated what he had said, and cried in an earnest tone, 'As I have already told you. Prince Metternich resigns.' At these words the Prince exclaimed, in a tone of great excitement, 'What! is this the return I now get for my fifty years' services?' Whereupon all the men forming the family council then broke out into a loud laugh, which seemed to annihilate the unfortunate statesman. On the morning of the 14th he arrived at the station of the Gloggnitz railway, under the escort of fifty hussars; went by railroad to Wiener Neustadt, and from that to Frohsdorf, where, apparently, he hoped to find a refuge. His expectations, however, were not realized; and he than fled to Feldsperg, one of the seats of Prince Leichtenstein, on the frontiers of Moravia, and subsequently to his own property, Kopstein."

He spent some time in England, and after a while, when Austria returned to her old system, returned to his own country. For the last ten years he has occupied a very enviable position. Without the responsibilities of office, he has enjoyed as much power as he desired, and has invariably been consulted by every minister on the chief measures of the Government. Latterly he became quite popular at Vienna; his age rendered him venerable, and the victims of most of his acts of cruelty had disappeared and been forgotten.

It would be easy to extend this paper far beyond its proper limits with anecdotes of the late Prince. One or two must suffice. One writer says:

"Metternich reigned triumphantly in Austria, teaching the people to dance and sing, and even to enjoy art and certain species of literature; but lying like a most cool damper on all letters of progress, on all motions of intellectual freedom. The watchful eyes of the old yet smiling statesman were always going to and fro in the earth to secure an advantage to the system of making, if not a solitude, a silence, and calling it peace. The smallest circumstance does not escape him. When Mrs. Trollope had made a good thing of laughing at the Americans, she proposed to pay Austria a visit. The good people of Vienna were alarmed at the prospect of being laughed at by Mrs. Trollope and the English; but Metternich said, smilingly, 'Oh no, she will not laugh at us—I will engage for that.' Accordingly Mrs. Trollope was introduced to the court circles—every thing was shown her, and the urbane minister was so particularly polite that, instead of a Trollope laughter, there was nothing but laudation.

"The views of the deceased statesman on the affairs of the United States can not fail to be interesting. In the year 1847 an American citizen, formerly of New York, on a visit to Vienna, called upon Metternich. They conversed freely together, and in their exchange of sentiments Metternich remarked that if he were an American he would be an out-and-out democrat—'a regular loco-foco,' said he, 'as you call it out there. But I am in Austria, and in this country I am connected with the right party.'

"When the Marquis of Londonderry visited Vienna in 1840, after eighteen years' absence, Prince Metternich told him that the old women were dead, and the young women were old since his late visit, and that was the history of eighteen years. Even then he was almost the sole survivor of the generals-in-chief, the plenipotentiaries, and the kings who had assisted at the settlement of 1815, when Count Nesselrode was only a secretary.

Prince Metternich died at Vienna on 11th June, three days after the entry of the French into Milan, and the overthrow of that Italian system which it was his boast to have founded. Was it the hand of Fate?

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 30, 1859.

OUR NEW MAP.

We publish in this Number our Third War Map, showing the scene of the present contest and the famous Austrian Quadrilateral. We believe this map to be the best in existence of the region in question. The scale is five miles to the inch.

THE NATURALIZATION LAW PUT TO THE TEST.

Christian Ernst, a native of Hanover, came to this country at the age of ten years, resided here ever since, and in February last became a naturalized citizen of the United States. In March he visited his native country. After a few days' residence in the village where he was born he was arrested by the authorities, conveyed to the nearest military station, forced into the Hanoverian army, and compelled to serve as a soldier; in consequence of which his business is being destroyed, and his family, who are here, impoverished.

This was one of the cases in which the doctrine expressed in the Leclerc letter forbade Mr. Cass to interfere. Since the recantation of that famous heresy, Mr. Ernst has stood a better chance; and we have now before us the opinion of Attorney General Black pronouncing his arrest illegal, and the dispatch to Mr. Wright, our minister at Berlin, demanding his immediate surrender by the Prussian authorities.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the negotiation. Hitherto, whenever our Government has demanded the surrender of American citizens seized for military service abroad, and the demand has been met by a refusal by the foreign Government, the United States have abandoned the question with a feeble protest. Several such cases arose while Mr. Marcy was Secretary; that of Koszta was the only one in which the American view prevailed. Mr. Marcy, like most of his predecessors, was ready to write a strong dispatch in behalf of a citizen ruthlessly torn from his family and forced into a foreign army; but he never had perseverance enough to follow up such cases. If the enemy showed signs of obstinacy, he let the matter drop. We shall shortly be enabled to gauge the perseverance and sincerity of Mr. Cass.

The chances are that the Government of Hanover will not surrender Christian Ernst, if they can help it. These German Princes, as a general rule, know nothing about the United States, and are likely to treat any representations sent from Washington with a good deal of contempt. They regard their subjects as their property, acquired by divine right, and designed to afford them a splendid maintenance in idleness. Many German Princes have been in the habit of living by hiring out their subjects as soldiers to foreign powers. Others, which do not go quite as far as this, seek and obtain power, and not unfrequently subsidies from other States by keeping a large number of their subjects under arms at home. The very State which has seized our fellow-citizen, Ernst—Hanover—is at this moment struggling to advance its influence in the German Confederation by increasing its army, and bellowing for war with France. With these habits, it is natural for the Princes of Germany to object very decidedly to the expatriation of their subjects; and to seize those who do expatriate themselves whenever they can. Nor is it likely that they will resign the tyrannical privilege without a struggle.

The King of Hanover will probably say to Mr. Wright, when he demands the surrender of Ernst, that Hanover does not recognize the right of her subjects to change their allegiance, or to absolve themselves from the obligation of performing military duty. What will the administration do then?

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Cass was ever permitted by the President to write any thing on this topic; for his letters to Leclerc and Hofer will afford Hanover a whole arsenal of arguments against the United States. If Hanover takes the ground that, by the Hanoverian law, Ernst was in the army when he left his native country, though he was only ten years old at the time, and that he stands in the light of a deserter, it is impossible for Mr. Cass, with his letters before him, to say a single word in reply. His absurd attempt to discriminate between Germans who were in the army, and Germans who were not in the army at the time of their expatriation, will place Mr. Wright at such disadvantage that it would not be surprising if he declined to undertake the case until the Hofer letter was disavowed; for Hanover, clearly, is entitled to decide who are in her army and who are not. In Prussia, every citizen, from the age of eighteen to sixty, is "in the army;" the King of Hanover may say that every male in his kingdom is "in his army." It is competent for him to say so. If he does, so long as the Hofer letter remains disavowed, he has a good answer to the demand for the surrender of Christian Ernst.

The end of this matter will be what we stated two months ago—the ridiculous doctrines set forth in the Cass letters will be disavowed, if not by this, by the next Administration; this country will take the broad ground stated by Mr. Black—namely, that no naturalized citizen of the United States can be molested, save for crime or debt, on his return to his native country: this position will probably be contested by some German State; and Congress will place an embargo on its wares and produce until it recedes, which it will do within an uncommonly short space of time. It is rather to be regretted, for the sake of our banks, that the crisis will not happen this year.

THE LOUNGER.

KEEPING COOL.

Our summer weather is tropical, but we do not live as in the Tropics. Theoretically, we are in the temperate zone; and, consequently, more of our people probably die of heat every year than in all the really warm countries. Even in Italy and the south of France, where the weather is rarely warmer than ours, there is a general withdrawal into the shade during the warm hours of the day. Life is adapted there to the climate. With us it is not.

For instance, while we are panting with the thermometer at 90°, we may be sure that thousands of our fellow-citizens are traveling for pleasure! In cars, in steamers, in stages; on glaring rivers, on dusty roads, they are sweating along (the word perspiring is inadequate to the occasion), dusty, blind, roasted, and suffocated. They are arriving at poor inns in crowds, and intriguing for good places—the good being bad. They are having a very indifferent dinner, with not much of any thing but payment. They are traveling "to see sights," but the heat spoils their temper and their health. They have not heart to look at any thing. They lose the very object of their journey. They must have blinds up and shades down. They must sleep, and creep into the shade, and take something cool. That, in fact, gradually becomes the great object. If they can only keep cool they are satisfied. Landscape, mountain, river, harvest-field may go—if they can only keep cool. The climax is as absurd as in Lord John Manners's ridiculous rhyme:

"Let art and science, laws and learning die,
But God preserve our old nobility."

All this singular discomfort comes from a deliberate forgetfulness of the real character of our summer. During the month of July this year, for instance, we have had very hot weather. It has been an effort to go about our necessary affairs. It has been delightful to return to the spaciousness and comfort of home. And yet how many of us will not, during next January, plan journeys for next July, utterly forgetful of the present furnace?

So also with business. Instead of being well through the routine of the day by ten o'clock, we gravely begin when the heat is waxing, and drive at the fastest rate through its greatest intensity. The banks in this city are open for five hours in the day. During the hottest summer, instead of opening at five and closing at ten, and doing the

preliminary business for the next day in the cool afternoon hours, they are open only during the burning height of the heat. It is their own affair, certainly. We are only speaking of common sense and comfort.

Our climate is very trying in its sudden changes, and we make it as much more so as we can. Instead of humoring it we ignore it. It is like some political questions which certain timid, decorous, feeble people will not see to be the questions which are alone vital. The questions which are real shove the decorous gentlemen, who are entirely unreal, aside. They stay aside and smile feebly; and while the tornado is ripping up the earth around them they murmur weakly, "What lovely weather it is if you only wouldn't cry out so about that whirlwind, with which the really fair weather—which it is so much pleasanter to enjoy—has nothing whatever to do!"

Now hot days, like the vital questions, are very positive facts. We may ignore them, but it is wiser to front and understand them. The ostrich does not get rid of the hunters by plunging his head in the sand. When it is thoroughly embedded he may insist that no hunters are in sight. But they are coming up for all that, and he will only have the disgrace of being shot in the rear.

However, we probably have not time to keep cool.

KING POPE.

EVERY man who wishes well to his fellows, who believes in some kind of progress, who cherishes a hope, however small, for mankind, must anxiously desire that the horrid farce, the bloody tragi-comedy of the Papal temporal power, shall be terminated by the present Italian Revolution. If the toppling of the Pope from his temporal throne shall be the only result of the war, it will be one to be remembered with gratitude forever. The Austrians are bad in Lombardy, but the Pope is a hundred-fold worse in the Roman States.

The present Pope Pius Ninth, Giovanni Maria, one of the Counts of Mastai-Feretti, is now about sixty-seven years old. He was elected in 1846. He is a weak, smiling, good-natured, pious old gentleman, who takes snuff by the handful, and would be an inoffensive monk under the cypresses of the snowy garden of some old Italian convent—a thoroughly useless old gentleman doing nothing in a thoroughly useless place.

But he is unhappily an absolute king, and a king invested by his papal character with a superstitious reverence which is most disastrous. Being a weak, snuffy old gentleman, he is a solemn puppet in the hands of his Secretary Antonelli. What Antonelli does with him—what kind of government for human progress and welfare Antonelli's is—the observation of any cursory traveler in the Roman States will show, and the careful study of About into every detail and department of the Papal Government will confirm.

His royal temporal power is an enormity in itself. By what right are more than three millions of people appointed, without so much as by your leave, to support the temporal splendor and all the despotic whim-whams and abuses of the Bishop of Rome?

Do you say that his States were given to him a thousand or more years ago, and have always been confirmed to his successors except during the Avignon feud and the enforced exile of Pius Seventh?

To this the reply is swift—that ill-used power is in this day sufficient reason for reconsidering and reconstructing governments, and that that reconsideration shows no essential necessity for the sacrifice of the happiness of thirty-six hundred thousand people to a despotism in which they have no more interest of family loyalty or association than Sandwich islanders have.

The Papal headship of the Romish Church has nothing to do with the temporal sovereignty of a Bishop. M. Thiers thinks it has; so did the late lamented M. Metternich. But Napoleon Bonaparte thought otherwise, and perhaps he was as wise as either Thiers or Metternich.

The book of About's is unquestionably prepared with reference to the present complication in Italy. Its facts crush; its wit withers. It reveals a State governmentally rotten to the core. It stirs the deepest sympathy for the unhappiness of the Romans. It arouses indignation at the incredible outrages under which they suffer.

That mournful waste of Campagna, that desert which howls at the very gates of the tomb of the old mistress of the world—who that has seen it does not remember how truly it seemed to be the type of the city it surrounded? And within the walls the decay in which the old city lies was contagious to the new. Universal ignorance, stupor, and despair rest upon the population. Art is a ruin; there, literature and science are unknown; progress in human welfare a dream; and the religion which affects to despise them all as inventions of the Devil, which prefers a shout of *Viva Gesu!* to a noble action, is a corroding superstition.

The question to be decided in the blighted States of Central Italy is not whether the Bishop of Rome is a good or bad priest of his Church, nor is it any question of the character of that Church. It is simply a matter of human welfare and progress; of political tyranny and destruction. It is whether thirty-six hundred thousand people shall be ground into the dust, under the worst Government now known, or whether that Government, in the name of humanity, and justice, and decency, shall have notice from its own people, supported by the sympathy of the intelligent world and the presence of friendly French and Italian neighbors, to quit.

ANTI-DOGS.

THE CAULIFLOWERS.
LILYDALE, *Mid-summer*, 1859.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—The hot weather naturally suggests dogs, and dogs, hydrophobia. Now, Sir, I have no desire to bark or to bite my neighbors. I am a peaceful citizen living in the country. Being a peaceful citizen, and wishing to dwell in quiet with all men, I keep no dogs. In not keeping dogs I do what every self-respecting man, who loves his neighbor as himself, will naturally do. For why keep dogs? Perhaps, Sir, you have dogs and may sneer. I beg you to know that suffering has made me strong. I am superior to any sneers upon the subject—and I repeat, why does any sane human being keep a dog?

I know what Lord Byron said about dogs, and I have heard of the lady who named her dog "Perchance," from Byron's lines, "Perchance, my dog," etc. I know what Goldsmith said about them, and Scott, and Wordsworth. I know all about Helvellyn and Newfoundland and the Great St. Bernard. Great Heavens! Sir, I live next to a Great Saint Bernard, and don't dare to go out at night in consequence.

Dogs bark, and eat a great deal of meat, and snarl, and yelp, and leap up on your clean clothes, and rush out with a roar at passing carriages, overturning them, often, by frightening the horses. They also eat chickens and dig up the garden or the grass, seeking for moles, mice, or rats. They smell "doggy" also, and howl, and pant, and hang out their tongues in a manner to appall any except the most insensate heart. They also smell of your feet and the bottoms of your legs in an extremely disagreeable manner, constantly suggesting the apprehension that they may like the smell and take a piece. At night, also, in the house they often bark in the most frantic manner, if you shut a door or sneeze, and upon this is predicated the absurd theory of protection against burglars by having a dog in the house.

One of my neighbors was very wise about that. He informed me that he had a dog that was as useful as the whole Metropolitan police. I asked him a few months afterward, "How about your dog?" "Oh! I've given him away." "Why?" "Because he barked every night, and every night I seized my pistols and went down stairs in my shirt, commending my soul and my wife and family to divine protection. I found nothing—but every night I went supposing that that time must be *the* time—but I only got an inflammatory rheumatism; and as the dog kept on barking, I thought I'd better part with him. He was a nice little fellow, very! But he ate up a good many of my chickens."

The keeping of dogs in my own neighborhood, Mr. Lounger, is attended with some sad consequences. Among other things it puts an end to all social intercourse. We are mainly business men in the city, and at night I should often like to go and pass an hour with a neighbor. But I can not. My duty to my family will not permit it. There are wild beasts at large in my neighbor's grounds. I hear them roar—but I have no idea of feeling them bite.

There is a butcher near me who keeps a bull-dog—a farmer who has a mastiff—and Mrs. Dubbleskirtly, a widow in my neighborhood, has a lap-dog!

Sir, I forbear. I grow warm as I write. I ask you merely, what is an honest man to do, who doesn't wish, Sir—if you will allow a moderate joke—who doesn't wish to go to the dogs before his time?

Yours respectfully,
SAMUEL SMALLIVER.

P.S.—I think I ought to add that I have my own opinion of ladies who keep lapdogs. Why, Sir, is not society full of most presentable young men?

A LONG-TAILED FLY.

A LITTLE while since the Lounger received from a friend in Buffalo a curious and beautiful fly; and another friend, in Norwich, sends, in a delicate feminine hand, the following interesting and learned account of it:

"DEAR LOUNGER.—The insect you sent me is the *Ephemera Canadæinsis*—the common May or day fly of the Northwest and Canada. It has been blown down the lakes by the cool winds we have had this season. I give you a synopsis of its short and merry life. The type of this restricted genus is the *Ephemera vulgata*, well known to fly fishers as the gray drake. It belongs to the first family of *Neuroptera*, classed next to the dragon-fly (*Libellula*) by Linnæus, but separated by Cuvier, forming a peculiar group named by him *Agnatha*. De Geer made them and the *Phryganeæ* a distinct order; but it is altogether nominal in both instances, for their mandibles or jaws proclaim their affinity and confirm their position, irrelevant to accidental differences. The sexes swarm in a *dance d'amour* as soon as they are released from the pupa cases; and as this constitutes the whole of their mission, the hours between sunrise and sunset see them 'born, married, and buried'—a short, but a merry career. Some females, who have not deposited their eggs, take life more coolly and leisurely, and will, in extraordinary instances, live many days. The female deposits her eggs in a gelatinous mass on the banks of rivers and streams. The larva, as soon as hatched, makes an oval hole for itself just at water-mark, where it floats in its own element, feeding upon the juices of decayed vegetable matter and the slime of clay and mud. In this state it remains three years. The larva differs from the perfect insect by having six (but varying according to the species) fins on each side, which are used for respiration as well as locomotion. The pupa again differs from the larva by exhibiting scales exteriorly as wing-cases. After moulting it comes out a perfect insect; but, strange to relate, it must undergo a second moulting before it can propagate its kind. The cases from which they escape can often be seen attached to shrubs and trees near the water's edge. The males are designated from the females by their having two hooks between the threads of the tail. Swammerdam made a splendid dissection of the larva of this insect; so we find it has nerves, intestines, respiratory apparatus, a circulation of the fluid analogous to blood, etc. They are, as you perceive, very harmless, and prognosticate a great fish harvest. They are called by the fishermen in Europe 'manna,' and are hailed with delight on account of the activity the fish display to catch them, greedily demonstrating they consider it more palatable than its ancient recipients in the desert confessed it to be; it is a veritable *bonne bouche* to those who find their 'bread upon the waters.' The varieties have been very numerous this year, among which I have seen, for the first time in fifteen years, the very brilliant and beautiful *Ephemera Helios*—ephemera of the sun—a native alone of this continent. I think I have never met with a mention of it by other entomologists, and no one, having seen it once, could ever overlook it. There is a congener of your fly with very white wings. They fell so thick, in 1829, in the great square of Wiesbaden, during the night, the inhabitants thought snow had fallen when they looked out the next morning. A very delicate violet-winged species I have seen on our rivers during the summer nights of August, in life and beauty at eight o'clock, and floating on the water dead at nine—a *fast* career, you will say. Reaumur gives a charming description of a night spent on the River Maine with the Ephemeridæ. But I fear I have already trespassed on your patience and space. However, I can not close, piquant Lounger, without wishing that all your sorrows and cares may belong to this family—that your hopes and joys may be as brilliant as they but more lasting; so always

"'——hope for an evening with heart's content
For the winter of life, without lament
That the summer is gone.'

"C. T.

"NORWICH, *July* 12, 1859."

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—D. C. A., Wetumpka, Alabama. The line—"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame," is in Pope's Epilogue to the Satires of Horace, Dialogue 1, line 136.

—LEDGER, New York. "The tarry Sailor man" was written by Dr. J. W. Palmer, and first published in one of the last numbers of Putnam's Monthly.

—HERBERTUS quotes from a work entitled "The Living Authors of England," in which a comparison is instituted between Dickens and "the Author of Puffer Hopkins"—and Herbertus asks who he is. It is Cornelius Mathews, whose Novel of "The Career of Puffer Hopkins" was published in 1841. Mr. Mathews is one of our authors who has somehow not had his fair share of reputation. He has contributed much and ably to our literature.

—P. G., Louisville, Kentucky. "Mary's Smile" is declined.

—A SERENADE, Brattleborough, Vermont, is a pleasing echo of Shelley's "Lines to an Indian air."

—A LAMENT FOR HAROLD is declined.

—The Lounger is glad that his view of "The Moral" is approved by COLORADO in Blanco County, Texas.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

Commencement of the Season.—Why the Hotels are not full.—The Cottages.—Shopping at Newport.—The Chatelaines.—Mrs. P——l.—The B——ds.—The B——ts.—W. W——e's Grapery.—Miss R——l.—The Dispute at Trinity Church.—The Select Chapel.—Madame Von Limburg, etc., etc.

OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, *July* 22.

"THE season at Newport," as it regards time, has fully opened, but its full fruition seems this year retarded—that is, if the filling up of the hotels may be regarded as an indication. And yet they never better deserved success, or were more efficient in the arrangements for their guests being well served and well fed. Of this hotel we can say, from experience, that it seems quite faultless in its management and the selection of wines and viands; and it is said that the others are also unusually comfortable and well appointed. "Then why are the multitude still elsewhere?" it may be asked. Perhaps because the cold weather so late in June suggested the possibility of being able this year to dispense altogether with the bracing breezes of the favorite island; perhaps because there has a report gone forth (generally supposed to have been fabricated and put in motion by private feminine resentment) that the hotels had greatly increased their prices. This is not true; the prices are the same as last year. But never mind! all these delusions will come to an end, and we shall find their victims tumbling in here next month, escaped from the hot weather of Saratoga, and the equally expensive *sejours* at less satisfactory resorts, and eager to have their usual two months of Newport amusements, Newport flirtations, and—oh! fie for shame!—Newport's huge creations of gossip and scandal.

This being so, let us leave the hotels and their inmates for another week, and occupy ourselves this with the "cottage" company, as it may be called, and which is this year remarkably brilliant and numerous. Many of the real proprietors of the "cottages" are in Europe, and others, from health and other motives, have sought the seclusion of Princeton or Brattleborough, leaving their houses to such among "the strangers" as can afford to pay for them; so that a large proportion "of the beauty and fashion" are thus established. For the indulgence of domestic privacy, think you? No; that they may more entirely dispense with what is so old-fashioned, and thus it is literally "*reculer pour mieux sauter.*" Among these pleasure-seekers morning and evening receptions, dinner-parties at a sufficiently early hour to admit of the ride and drive following them, are incessant, and with morning visits, bathing, and shopping, fill up the time of the fair *chatelaines* (are not the "cottages" more according to the preconceived ideas of "castles?") and their attendant swains.

You will perhaps sneer at the idea of your city ladies shopping in poor, dull Newport, but if you do so it will be in ignorance. Many of them say that they always reserve a certain amount of their summer purchases for certain well-known shops in old "Thames Street," where their tastes are delicately remembered and consulted from year to year, and where they enjoy a quiet opportunity of selection, and a cheerful alacrity of attendance—far removed from a shadow of servility—of the Newport shop-keeper proper. Then was there ever a time when feminine wants and desires did not take the outlet of "shopping," if it was possible? They must have patterns and German wool, pretty dears, and where so pleasantly purchased as in the shop of "that dear, sensible, original Miss K. D——?" The "cottages" always require some additions of lounging couches and comfortable chairs, and these must be procured from Hazard's. Then they must order their own fruit, and behold! it is temptingly displayed on all sides of them, until one is as certain of meeting those one wishes to in the early morning in Thames Street, as late in the afternoon at Bateman's, or on the beaches as "the tide does serve." All these combine to make up "pleasant Newport," as, *par excellence*, it may be called.

And where else, indeed, is there to be found so much variety in the society, and without local coloring, since the wealth and intelligence of all the large cities of all the different sections of the country are here represented? In what order shall we pass them in review?—as their abodes and the numerals on the doors present themselves, or in the broader divisions of those from the North and the South, the East and the West? Neither of these. We will follow the arrangement suggested by our fancy, but promising that all shall have their turn in these pages.

In one of the verandaed cottages of Kay Street dwells Mrs. P——l, always graceful and pretty, and well-dressed, one of three sisters, each renowned in their way, and who in due time will find due notice in these pages. In a cottage opposite the Bellevue Hotel nestle the lovely B——ds. From some of "the chances and changes" of this troubled world the bevy of fair daughters is this year *au complet*, and happy they seem to be under the paternal roof. And as for their lady-mother, let us look at her and no longer deem fanciful or exaggerated the old time stories of the enduring charms of Diane de Poitiers, or Ninon de l'Enclos! There is no need, gracious lady, for the muslin curtains of *your* drawing-room to be lined with rose-color. There is far more of *conservative* power in the magic of that gentle temper, that sparkling wit, that ready sympathetic smile. Over attractions such as these time passes unseen, and when they exist in such potent combination, that odious old leveler (of all but wrinkles!) may safely be defied even by a grandmother!

Pass on, pass on by many a pleasant mansion, since fancy so leads us, until we reach the abode where the literary leisure of the B——ts finds its summer retreat. They mingle little with the gay crowds of amusement seekers, but when seen, the ex-Embassadress shows that she has kept her woman's good looks, as well as the genial manners and agreeable conversational powers which won so much homage and are still so well remembered in the courtly and aristocratic circles of England.

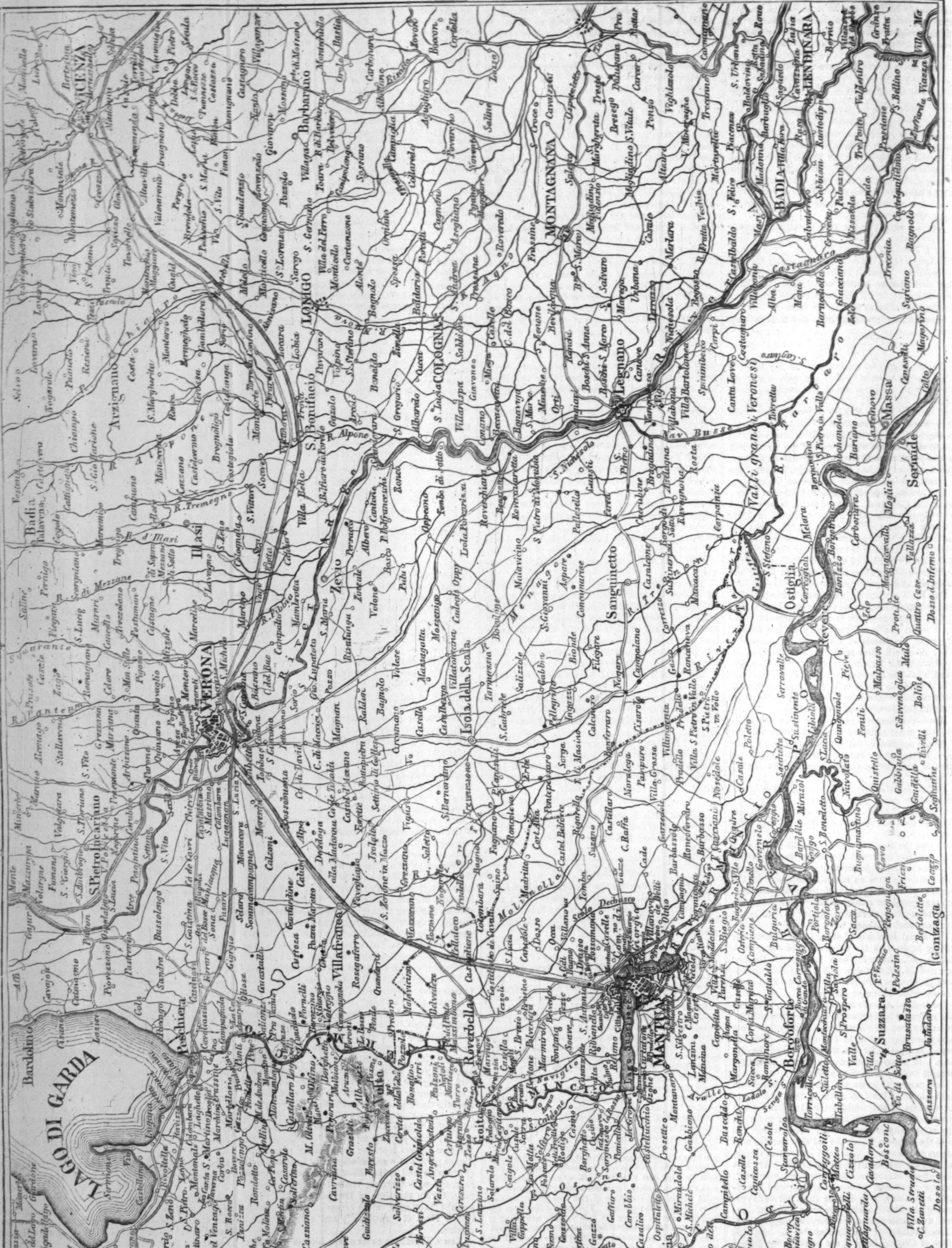
And here is the stately abode of W. W——e, Esq., and the as stately and wonderful grapery of the same. The fruit in this is *supposed* not to be quite ripe yet, but when it is the public expect superb fêtes in this well-known stronghold of gentlemanly hospitality, particularly as this summer they would possess the advantage of being presided over by a gentle, graceful girl, the niece of the master of the house. Let us hope that these grapes *will ripen*, and not prove "sour."

Do not go in there, for the D——y K——e's are absent in Europe, but, we are happy to hear, soon to return to their beautiful home, and in the mean time be satisfied to look at their niece, Miss R——l, as she passes on horseback. How well she rides! How perfectly equipped she is! How becoming the low-crowned Spanish hat is to the fair, broad brow, the well-opened, expressive eye! Graceful, lightsome lady, we must have more than this brief glance at you.

There is deep joy in one of our most conspicuous "cottages," or "castles" (as you please), for there has been a safe return through many perils, and the amiable young hostess, in dispensing her usual refined hospitality, has the happiness this summer of having parents, brothers, and sisters as its recipients. We pass these by now, though none more than this very charming family are likely *plus tard* "to adorn and dignify" these our Newport annals.

This combination of epithets, quoted from one of the mural monuments of the old Episcopal church here, reminds us that no chronicle of the events and circumstances of the day could be complete without some allusion to the troubles existing between the present incumbent of old Trinity and his parishioners. If *these only* were concerned it would have been perhaps better to have let them pass unnoticed; but as some of the prominent leaders of ton and fashion are deeply implicated therein, we must be faithful to our trust and try to make comprehensible this rather intricate affair. As far as we are informed, it seems that the Rev. Mr. Mercer, the good-looking, popular, and talented clergyman of "old Trinity," is supposed to have shown a willingness, if not a decided intention, to abandon his regular church to the care of any dull or careless passing clergyman, while he, "the favorite and the flower," preached in a select chapel of his own, to a select congregation of the fair and the fashionable, who, in consideration of his well-known nervous peculiarities and requirements, had pledged themselves never to sneeze or cough, and to lay aside all rustling silks and creaking fans when in attendance at this chosen chapel. Now the corporation of "old Trinity" were willing that Mr. Mercer should preach in the chapel to the favored few, but they required that he should first secure for their church the advantage of the well-known eloquence and highly-valued ministering of the bishop of the diocese. This he was not willing to accede to, and it seems the dispute remains unsettled, though in vestry meetings the O——n has blustered and denounced, while the H——ts "fretted and fumed," and the K——gs, more conciliating, explained and entreated. However, we strangers are the gainers. The pretty chapel was opened on Sunday last by Bishop Clark, and we are promised a succession there of distinguished preachers, among others the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of your city, who is coming here as the guest of S. W——e, Esq.

I have been carried on until there is no space left for me to describe the review given a few days since at the Fort by Colonel Magruder, in honor of the Netherlands Minister, Baron Limburg, or rather, as we think, in honor of his fair bride, for is she not a Cass, and one whom we are disposed and bound to honor? But adieu for this week.



THE SEAT OF WAR IN ITALY, SHOWING THE FAMOUS AUSTRIAN QUADRILATERAL.

OUR NEW MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD IN ITALY.

WE publish herewith a new Map of the battle-field in Italy, the best we have seen. It is drawn by John Dower, the author of the admirable Map of Northern Italy which we published some weeks ago, and which has been so generally admired. The four great fortresses which constitute the famous "quadrilateral," and every town, village, stream, road, and mountain of the neighborhood, will be found clearly marked in its proper place. With this Map the history of the war becomes clear as noonday; without it, the accounts which are appearing in the papers are generally unintelligible.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

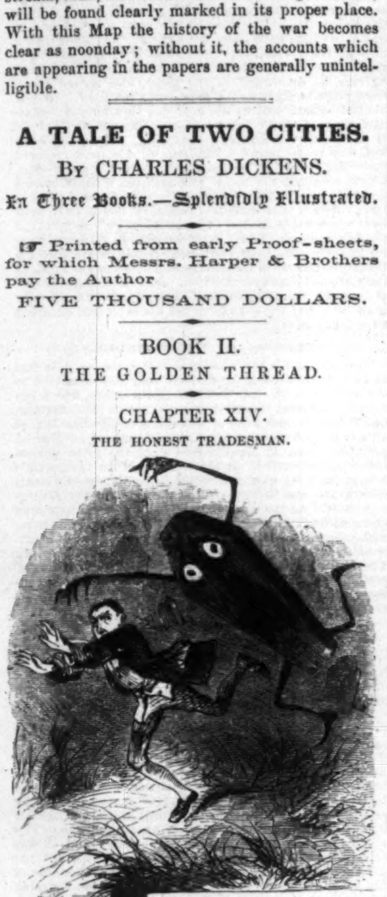
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HONEST TRADESMAN.



TO the eyes of Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet Street, with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement were every day presented. Who could sit upon any thing in Fleet Street during the busy hours of the day and not be dazed and deafened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down.

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor would it have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilotage of timid women (mostly of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore. Brief as such companionship was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong desire to have the honor of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him toward the execution of this benevolent purpose that he recruited his finances, as just now observed.

Time was when a poet sat upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men. Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place, but not being a poet, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that he was thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mrs. Cruncher must have been "flopping" in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet Street westward attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to this funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry so ill that he watched his opportunity and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"Now then?" said Mr. Cruncher.

"Now then, father!" remonstrated his staggering son.

"What d'ye mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to conwey to your own father, you young Rip? This boy art a getting too many for *me!*" said Mr. Cruncher, surveying him. "Him and his hooroars! Don't let me hear no more of you, or you shall feel some more of me. D'ye hear?"

"I warn't doing no harm," young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it, then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of *your* no harms. Get a top of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, with an increasing rabble surrounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out, "Yah! Spies! Tst! Yaha! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always pricked up his senses, and became excited, when a funeral passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran against him:

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"*I* don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yaha! Tst! Spies!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"*I* don't know," returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the greatest ardor, "Spies! Yaha! Tst, tst! Spi-ies!"

At length a person better informed on the merits of the case tumbled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was He a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant. "Yaha! Tst! Yah! Old Bailey Spi-i-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the Trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him. Dead, is he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have 'em out, there! Spies! Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of any idea, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have 'em out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach doors, the one mourner scuffled out of himself, and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scouring away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long hat-band, white pocket-handkerchief, and other symbolical tears.

These the people tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in those times stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination amidst general rejoicing. Practical suggestions being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside, and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exercise of ingenuity stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher himself, who modestly concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the ceremonies; but the river being alarmingly near, and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion in bringing refractory members of the profession to reason, the protest was faint and brief. The remodeled profession started, with a chimney-sweep driving the hearse—advised by the regular driver, who was perched beside him, under close inspection, for the purpose—and with a pieman, also attended by his cabinet minister, driving the mourning coach. A bear-leader, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, before the cavalcade had gone far down the Strand; and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-roaring, and infinite caricaturing of woe, the disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at every step, and all the shops shutting up before it. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, far off in the fields. It got there in course of time; insisted on pouring into the burial-ground; finally accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself, another brighter genius (or perhaps the same) conceived the humor of impeaching casual passers-by as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengeance upon them. Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives, in the realization of this fancy, and they were roughly hustled and maltreated. The transition to the sport of window-breaking, and thence to the plundering of public houses, was easy and natural. At last, after several hours, when sundry summer-houses had been pulled down, and some area railings had been torn up to arm the more belligerent spirits, a rumor got about that the Guards were coming. Before this rumor the crowd gradually melted away, and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps they never came, and this was the usual progress of a mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports, but had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer and condole with the undertakers. The place had a soothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighboring public house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophizing himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you see with your own eyes that he was a young 'un and a straight made 'un."

Having smoked his pipe out and ruminated a little longer he turned himself about, that he might appear, before the hour of closing, on his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—on his way back.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported No job in his absence. The bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my wenturs goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been praying again me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face!" said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

"I am saying nothing."

"Well, then, don't meditate nothing. You might as well flop as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether."

"Yes, Jerry."

"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! it *is* Yes, Jerry. That's about it. You may say Yes, Jerry."

Mr. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these sulky corroborations, but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general ironical dissatisfaction.

"You and your Yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so. I believe you."

"You are going out to-night?" asked his decent wife, when he took another bite.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son, briskly.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a fishing."

"Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you bring any fish home, father?"

"If I don't you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head. "That's questions enough for you. I an't a going out till you've been long abed."

He devoted himself, during the remainder of the evening, to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view he urged his son to hold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devoutest person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in this distrust of his wife. It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost story.

"And mind you!" said Mr. Cruncher. "No games to-morrow! If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in providing a jinte of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you if you don't. *I'm* your Rome, you know."

Then he began grumbling again:

"With your flying into the face of your own wittles and drink! I don't know how scarce you mayn't make the wittles and drink here, by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your boy: he *is* your'n, ain't he? He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out?"

This touched Young Jerry on a tender place; who adjured his mother to perform her first duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected, above all things to lay especial stress on the discharge of that maternal function so affectingly and delicately indicated by his other parent.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier watches of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly one o'clock. Toward that small and ghostly hour he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crow-bar of convenient size, a rope and chain, and other fishing-tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skillful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of undressing when he went to bed, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the court, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the house again, for it was full of lodgers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, Young Jerry, keeping as close to house-fronts, walls, and door-ways as his eyes were close to one another, held his honored parent in view. The honored parent steering northward, had not gone far when he was joined by another disciple of Izaak Walton, and the two trudged on together.

Within half an hour from the first starting they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another fisherman was picked up here—and that so silently, that if Young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the gentle craft to have, all of a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and Young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall the three turned out of the road, and up a blind lane, of which the wall—there risen to some eight or ten feet high—formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that Young Jerry saw was the form of his honored parent, pretty well defined against a watery and clouded moon, nimbly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees.

MR. CRUNCHER'S FRIENDS.

It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate: which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some rank grass; and all the grave-stones in the church yard—it was a large church-yard that they were in—looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to fish.

They fished with a spade at first. Presently the honored parent appeared to be adjusting some instrument like a great cork-screw. Whatever tools they worked with they worked hard, until the awful striking of the church clock so terrified Young Jerry that he made off, with his hair as stiff as his father's.

But his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back again. They were still fishing perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their bent figures were strained as if by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it and came to the surface. Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but when he saw it, and saw his honored parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, being new to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile or more.

He would not have stopped then for any thing less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright upon its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on at his side—perhaps taking his arm—it was a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fiend too, for, while it was making the whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its coming hopping out of them like a dropsical Kite without tail and wings. It hid in door-ways too, rubbing its horrible shoulders against doors, and drawing them up to its ears as if it were laughing. It got into shadows on the road, and lay cunningly on its back to trip him up. All this time it was incessantly hopping on behind and gaining on him, so that when the boy got to his own door he had reason for being half dead. And even then it would not leave him, but followed him up stairs with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bumped down, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, Young Jerry in his closet was awakened, after daybreak and before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Something had gone wrong with him; at least so Young Jerry inferred, from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the head-board of the bed.

"I told you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profit of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. You was to honor and obey; why the devil don't you?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, with tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honoring your husband to dishonor his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the wital subject of his business?"

"You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honoring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one? You have no more nat'ral sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames River has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you."

The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and terminated in the honest tradesman's kicking off his clay-soiled boots, and lying down at his length on the floor. After taking a timid peep at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his son lay down too, and fell asleep again.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of any thing else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was brushed and washed at the usual hour, and set off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stool under his arm at his father's side along sunny and crowded Fleet Street, was a very different Young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude from his grim pursuer. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night—in which particulars it is not improbable that he had compeers in Fleet Street and the City of London that fine morning.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along, taking care to keep at arm's-length and to have the stool well between them, "what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed every thing, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is somethink of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was soothed, but shook his head in a grave and moral way. "It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may come to be fit for." As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stool in the shadow of the Bar, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

I.

When Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arthur's knights in scorn God-sped:
How, think you, he felt?
Oh, the bride within
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin;
Loathly as sin!
Scarcely faceable,
Quite unembraceable;
With a hog's bristle on a hag's chin!
Gentle Gawain felt as should we,
Little of Love's soft fire knew he:
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady he lay beside
Bade him turn to welcome his bride,
What, think you, he did?
Oh, to spare her pain,
And let not his loathing her loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sighingly,
Almost dyingly,
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we?
Silent, all! But for pattern agree
There's none like the Knight of Courtesy.

III.

Sir Gawain sprang up amid laces and curls:
Kisses are not wasted pearls:
What clung in his arms?
Oh, a maiden flower,
Burning with blushes the sweet bride-bower,
Beauty her dower!
Breathing perfumingly,
"Shall I live bloomingly,"
Said she, "by day, or the bridal hour?"
Thereat he clasped her, and whispered he,
"Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be."
Said she, "Twice bless'd is Courtesy!"

IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When it was morning in Arthur's court;
What, think you, they cried?
"Now, life and eyes!
This bride is the very Saint's dream of a prize,
Fresh from the skies!
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries?
Like the true knight, may we
Make the basest that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPLANATION BY DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Herald* by Mr. Sickles in vindication of himself, in renewing his marital relations with his wife:

"New York, *Tuesday, July* 19, 1859.

"Through the course of sad events, which during the last few months have brought so much affliction upon my family, I have been silent. No amount of misrepresentation affecting myself only could induce me now to open my lips; nor could I deem it worth while under any circumstances to notice what has been or can be said in journals never regarded as the sources or the exponents of public opinion, for in these it is too often obvious that only unworthy motives prompt the most vindictive assaults upon the private life of citizens holding public stations. But the editorial comments in the *Herald* of yesterday, although censorious (of which I do not complain, while I read them with regret), differ so widely in tone and temper from the mass of nonsense and calumny which has lately been written concerning a recent event in my domestic relations, that I can not allow a mistake, into which you have been led by inaccurate information, to pass without such a correction as will relieve others from any share of the reproaches which it is the pleasure of the multitude at this moment to heap upon me and mine.

THE LAWYERS EXCULPATED.

"Referring to the forgiveness which my sense of duty and my feelings impelled me to extend to an erring and repentant wife, you observe, in the course of your temperate and dignified article, that, 'It is said, however, that the last phase of the affair was brought about through the advice of his lawyers.' This is entirely erroneous. I did not exchange a word with one of my counsel upon the subject, nor with any one else. My reconciliation with my wife was my own act, done without consultation with any relative, connection, friend, or adviser. Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall alone upon me. I am prepared to defend what I have done before the only tribunal I recognize as having the slightest claim to jurisdiction over the subject—my own conscience and the bar of Heaven. I am not aware of any statute or code of morals which makes it infamous to forgive a woman; nor is it usual to make our domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear to us. And I can not allow even all the world combined to dictate to me the repudiation of my wife, when I think it right to forgive her and restore her to my confidence and protection.

WHY HE TOOK HIS WIFE BACK.

"If I ever failed to comprehend the utterly desolate position of an offending though penitent woman—the hopeless future, with its dark possibilities of danger, to which she is doomed when proscribed as an outcast—I can now see plainly enough in the almost universal howl of denunciation with which she is followed to my threshold, the misery and perils from which I haver escued the mother of my child. And although it is very sad for me to incur the blame of friends and the reproaches of many wise and good people, I shall strive to prove to all who may feel any interest in me, that if I am the first man who has ventured to say to the world an erring wife and mother may be forgiven and redeemed, that, in spite of all the obstacles in my path, the good results of this example shall entitle it to the imitation of the generous, and the commendation of the just.

WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO HEREAFTER.

"There are many who think that an act of duty, proceeding solely from affections which can only be comprehended in the heart of a husband and a father, is to be fatal to my professional, political, and social standing. If this be so, then so be it. Political station, professional success, social recognition, are not the only prizes of ambition; and I have seen enough of the world in which I have moved, and read enough of the lives of others, to teach me that, if one be patient and resolute, it is the man himself who indicates the place he will occupy; and so long as I do nothing worse than to reunite my family under the roof where they may find shelter from contumely and persecution, I do not fear the noisy but fleeting voice of popular clamor. The multitude accept their first impressions from a few; but in the end men think for themselves; and if I know the human heart—and sometimes I think that in the career of mingled sunshine and storm I have sounded nearly all its depths—then I may reassure those who look with reluctant forebodings upon my future to be of good cheer, for I will not cease to vindicate a just claim to the respect of my fellows; while to those motley groups, here and there, who look upon my misfortunes only as weapons to be employed for my destruction, to those I say, once for all, if a man make a good use of his enemies, they will be as serviceable to him as his friends.

HE BEGS MERCY FOR HIS WIFE.

"In conclusion, let me ask only one favor of those who, from whatever motive, may deem it necessary or agreeable to comment in public or private upon this sad history; and that is, to aim all their arrows at my breast, and for the sake of my innocent child, to spare her yet youthful mother, while she seeks in sorrow and contrition the mercy and the pardon of Him to whom, sooner or later, we must all appeal.

"Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"Daniel E. Sickles."

PERSONAL.

Certain charges having been made against the character of the Rev. J. S. Haskell, late pastor of the Congregational Church, Mount Pleasant, Iowa, we are informed that, on examination, those charges have been pronounced baseless, and Mr. Haskell's reputation without a stain.

Henry Edmonds, an American, who was detained in the Pentonville Prison, of London, has recently made his escape by leaping over the wall in disguise, so that those who saw him fall in the street did not recognize him as a prisoner. Jumping into a cab, he was soon out of sight.

Mr. Alfred Jansen, of Le Claire, Illinois, died, a few days ago, from the sting of a bee. He was a wealthy and cultivated young Englishman, and was stung in the neck by a common honey-bee. When stung, he said it was a serious matter for him, as he had once, after being stung, swooned away and remained insensible for several hours. Saleratus was applied to the wound, but he was soon violently ill, became insensible, and in a few minutes had convulsions, and three quarters of an hour from the time he was stung was dead.

Mr. James J. Faran has left the editorial chair of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, with which he first became connected in 1844, but retains his proprietary interest, and will be an occasional contributor.

Mr. A. A. Baker, editor of the Abingdon (Virginia) *Democrat*, was shot in the leg, on Tuesday week, by the accidental explosion of a pistol which he was examining. The wound is not considered a dangerous one.

Two Scotch damsels arrived in St. Paul last week from Scotland, *en route* for Lake Athabasca, in British America, seventeen hundred miles north of St. Paul. They go to the Red River by Burbank's stages, and then embark on the Anson Northrup. They are sisters, and one of them has been betrothed for several years to the secretary or agent of the British Fur Company on Lake Athabasca.

John Cobb, a young man of 18, was hung at Atlanta, Georgia, lately, for shooting a wealthy libertine who had seduced his sister. Cobb was convicted and sentenced last year, but the feeling in his behalf was so strong that Gov. Ellis was induced to reprieve him for 12 months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

A Treaty of Peace has been signed between the Emperors of France and Austria, and the Italian war has been brought to a sudden conclusion. We received this highly important intelligence by the *North Briton*, which arrived at Quebec on 24th, with advices from Liverpool to 13th. In an order of the day issued by Napoleon on the 10th he announced the armistice to his soldiers, but gave, of course, no intimation of an expectation of peace. On the 11th an interview took place between the two Emperors, at Villafranca, the result of which was a treaty, the outlines of which are given in a telegram from the French Emperor to the Empress. An Italian Confederation is to be established, under the honorary presidency of the Pope. Austrian rights in Lombardy are conceded to France, and by France transferred to Sardinia, to which Lombardy is annexed. Venice, while forming an integral part of the Italian Confederation, is to be preserved to and governed by the Emperor of Austria. The effect of the news of peace on the Money market was quite perceptible. The Emperor's dispatch was bulletined on the Paris Bourse on the 12th, and the funds immediately rose 2¼ per cent. The news did not transpire in London until after the closing hour for Consols, so that the full effect is not known, but sales were made late in the day at 96¼.

THE ARMISTICE.

The following official dispatch has been received: "The Emperor to the Empress: An armistice has been concluded between the Emperor of Austria and myself. My commissioners have been appointed to agree upon the last clauses."

The *Moniteur*, after giving the official dispatch respecting the armistice, adds: "It is necessary that the public should not misunderstand the extent of the armistice. It is limited merely to a relaxation of hostilities between the belligerent armies, which, though leaving the field open for negotiations, does not enable us for the present to see how the war may be terminated."

Paris, July 9.—The *Moniteur* of to-day contains the following:

"The armistice was signed at Villafranca on the 8th instant, between Marshal Vaillant and Baron Hess. Its term is fixed for the 15th August. It stipulates that commercial vessels, without distinction of flag, shall be allowed to navigate the Adriatic unmolested."

The *Times* says: "With regard to the armistice there is little to communicate beyond what the public already know. All that seems to be well authenticated is, that the proposal came from France, and was the result of the Emperor's own determination. That the Emperor Napoleon should stop short in a career of victory and make overtures to the foe whom he has defeated in two pitched battles and hurled back to the limits of Lombardy, argues the moderation or the necessities of the French ruler. We can hardly believe that the latter have been the cause of this sudden resolve."

THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

Mr. Raymond, from whose letters from the seat of war we quoted last week, continues to write to the *Times*. He thus describes the last scene of the battle of Solferino:

"Night finally ended the contest, and hung her impassable curtain between the combatants. The field had been admirably contested on both sides. All agree that the Austrians fought with desperate courage and resolution, and that their artillery was especially effective. The men stood to their guns until they were absolutely cut to pieces or driven off at the point of the bayonet. It was in that weapon, and in the headlong, uncalculating, and unconquerable courage with which they use it, that the superiority of the French was most marked, and it was this which gave them the victory. Napoleon took a most active personal part throughout the day. After getting a general view of the field from the heights of Castiglione he descended to the plain, and moved about from place to place as the emergency required. One of his body-guard told us the next day that he was repeatedly exposed to the most imminent danger, as the balls of the enemy fell thickly around him. The guard himself, who stood near the Emperor all day, had received upon the front rim of his heavy helmet a grape-shot, which indented the metal and inflicted a slight wound upon his head. The Austrian Emperor is said also to have behaved with sufficient gallantry, and to have shed tears when the Solferino hill was taken and he saw that the day was lost. Louis Napoleon did not return to Castiglione after the battle, but immediately established his head-quarters upon the advanced portion of the field, at Cavriana—six miles further on. As I descended the hill at dusk the enormous train of his equipages was already in motion, and the flags from the house he had occupied were taken down."

REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED.

Speaking of the wounded next day, he says: "As fast as their wounds could be dressed they were removed to the next town beyond, which is Montechiaro, five miles distant, and from thence to Brescia, twelve miles further, that being the first town of any considerable size and at all adequate to the care of such an immense number of persons. I was at Montechiaro when the great procession began to arrive. At the entrance of the town stands a large building used as a hospital, fronting upon a small open space, and being placed at the angle of two diverging roads. As the wounded arrived, those of them who could go no further were taken off the carts and left here, while the rest moved on to Brescia. I never saw so heart-rending a sight as was presented in front of that hospital. The army seems not to be provided with any means of removing the wounded, but relies entirely upon the conveyances they can procure from the surrounding peasantry.

HOW THEY TRAVELED.

"Every thing for miles around had been called into requisition. For the most part they consisted of the rude, heavy ox-carts of the farmers, made to carry stone or other ponderous articles over the fields. Each of them had a flat platform, six or eight feet wide, and twelve or fifteen long. Some hay was spread upon this, and upon that the wounded soldiers were placed, as thickly as they could be laid, without shelter of any kind, or pillows for their heads, or blankets for their limbs, except such as they might happen to have upon them. The weather has been excessively warm—the storm on the day of the battle being the last rain that has fallen; and yesterday and to-day the sky has been perfectly clear, and the air heated with the warmest rays of an Italian sun. The roads are perfectly hard and very dusty; and it was utterly impossible for well persons to travel along them with any comfort without protection of some kind from the heat. You can judge, then, of the intense suffering which these thousands of maimed and mutilated creatures must have endured during that fearful journey of ten or fifteen miles, performed at the slowest pace of heavy oxen, and compelled constantly to stop by some interruption of the procession. It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart to see the state in which they arrived. The peasants, who drove them, seemed not to have the slightest sense of their condition, or to take the least pains to alleviate their agony. Some of the soldiers themselves, whose wounds were least serious and permitted them to move about, had cut branches from the willows and other trees that border the road, and made of them a slight shade for some of those who could only lie upon their backs, their faces turned to the brazen and the burning sky. As far as the eye could see, a dense cloud of white dust marked the approach of the advancing train.

CASES OF AGONY.

"Upon one cart which came up lay an Austrian who had died on the road—and close by his side was a French soldier just able to raise himself from his place and beg for water. As he raised his head he looked over at his companion and said, as if envying his lot, 'Poor fellow—he needs nothing now!' The Austrian lay at full length upon the ground, his hands crossed upon his breast, and his face, which was turned directly upward to the sun, wearing an expression of intense suffering. Five or six others, less severely wounded, were sitting in front. Upon another cart lay a poor fellow, entirely naked above his waist, except a broad bandage which had been passed around his body to protect a frightful wound received from a musket-ball in his side—the ball seemed to have passed entirely through his body—his face was pale and inexpressibly sad—and he had just strength enough left to lift himself up and beg for water. It was immediately brought, and as soon as his condition was perceived he was lifted off the cart in the blanket on which he was lying and placed in the hall of the Hospital—but he lived only a few minutes longer. As they were lifting him out the blanket was drawn from under the feet of another poor fellow lying in the same cart, and the motion extorted from him a cry of anguish more intense than I ever heard before.

A CONTRAST.

"Just before dark on Sunday evening I looked into the large church in this place to which the greatest number of the wounded were taken. It was a Catholic Church, of course, as there are no others here. All the furniture of every kind had been taken out from the altar and side chapels as well as from the nave of the building, and upon rows of mattresses extended lengthwise on the stone floor, as closely as they could lie, the wounded were placed. All whose injuries would permit their removal had been taken away and sent on to Montechiaro, Brescia, and other towns, and only those were left who seemed very near their end. In one side chapel lay *eight* Austrians—two or three gasping for breath and in the very act of dying—and not one of the whole eight could possibly, as it seemed to me, live an hour. The entire floor was covered with the poor victims of war, nearly all rapidly approaching the same extremity. Men and women, charged with the care of them, were passing to and fro—not to soothe or comfort the dying, for there was no time for that—but looking for those who might still be saved. And over the altar, looking down upon this horrid scene, was an immense, well-painted, life-like picture illustrating the Sermon on the Mount, and representing the Redeemer saying to those about him—'*Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.*' What an awful comment did that scene present upon that sacred text!

A PANIC.

"We were speedily roused by an evident and unusual commotion, and, looking up, we saw men running down the street with uncommon agility. Their numbers and their speed increased. Zouaves and other soldiers were running as fast as the rest. I stepped into the street and asked three or four soldiers in succession what was the matter. Each gave me the same reply, '*Je ne sais pas*,' but never stopped his running in the least. Presently one shouted, as loudly as his spent breath would permit, '*Ils tuent les blessés*' (they are killing the wounded). And when I asked him, 'Who?' he replied, '*Les Austrichiens*.' This was certainly rather startling information, and as it was backed up by a general flight of the whole *mobile* population, we began to think it was time for us to be moving also. We accordingly started

off at a round pace, but were compelled to stop now and then and draw up close to the wall to prevent being run over by the advancing crowd. French mounted officers came tearing down the street, spurring their horses into a dead run over the pavement. Shutters were closed, doors bolted, and Sardinian flags pulled in with a good deal more alacrity than they had been hung out the day before. Every body who had a cart and horse mounted it and started. I saw a Zouave, who had been limping through the street not a moment before, seize a horse which stood at the entrance of a stable-yard, without saddle, bridle, or even halter, leap on his back, and holding by the mane, kick and halloo him into a keen gallop down the street. Every body was running for dear life. We went with the crowd until we cleared the town and reached the high road to Lonato. A French officer, whom I recognized as one I had seen in command of the guard of the wounded, came dashing along *en grand galop*. I called out to him as he rushed past, 'Are the Austrians there?' '*On dit*,' was his only reply. Following close to his heels came one of the large wagons belonging to the Imperial suite, and in it a young man to whom I had seen the surgeons of the Imperial household especially deferential the day before. Next came an open chaise, with two civilians, one of whom was lashing the horse, and the other fighting off the soldiers who were trying their best to climb up behind. By this time we had stopped running, and fallen into a leisurely walk; the men in the chaise were touchingly sympathetic, and consolingly shouted to us that we were certainly lost, as the Austrian dragoons were slashing their way, right and left, directly in our rear. This decided us to quit running altogether, as it was quite hopeless to run away from pursuing cavalry.

HOW IT ORIGINATED.

"This was certainly the most remarkable instance of a pure *panic* I ever saw—and the most striking feature of it was the rapidity with which it increased in force and volume as it rolled along. We heard afterward that it produced the most serious results when it overtook the trains of wounded on the road to Brescia. They were tumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly concealed from sight by the dense cloud of dust which hung over the road. I have since tried very hard to find out how it originated, but with only indifferent success. At first we were told that a squadron of Piedmontese cavalry, who were promenading the country in the direction of Castiglione, had been mistaken for Austrians. But an officer in the camp of General Canrobert, which we visited the next day—upon the farthest extreme of the field of battle—told us that it came from *five* Austrian soldiers, who had concealed themselves in the bushes after the fight, and now came in to surrender. They were said to have stated that the Austrian army were rapidly coming up in full force, and would soon be in possession of Castiglione. In that camp no alarm seems to have been created, but when the rumor reached the ammunition-train, a mile or so in the rear, it set them scampering off in the manner I have rehearsed. They ran their horses all the way to Brescia—some seventeen miles—and reached there at about three o'clock. Why they did not communicate the alarm to the corps of Chasseur d'Afriques, through which they passed, or why their officers did not pause for further inquiry, are among the mysteries of a *stampede*.

DEATH OF A WAR-HORSE.

"One of the horses belonging to the corps of Chasseurs had been badly wounded by a ball, which had broken one of his hind-legs, and a couple of men led him off to the back part of the field and shot him through the head with a pistol. The poor creature, dizzied by the shot, which had failed to kill him, wheeled rapidly round half a dozen times in a circle and then started off, limping upon three legs, and dashing past the men, who tried in vain to stop him, plunged into the midst of his old corps, and took his accustomed place in the ranks. He was driven off once or twice, but in spite of all efforts to prevent him he succeeded in returning, and it was at least twenty minutes before they could force him away. He seemed determined to die, if die he must, in the midst of his companions."

CANROBERT CENSURED.

One of the episodes of the battle of Solferino is the severe reprimand administered by the Emperor to Marshal Canrobert, whom he accused of not having taken a sufficiently prominent part in the battle. The Marshal excused himself by declaring that he had scrupulously followed the Emperor's orders. "If all the other Marshals," remarks the chronicler, "were to confine themselves within these limits of obedience, the Austrians would be much facilitated in their efforts to expel the Allies from the Quadrilatère."

HOW THE EMPEROR LOST HIS EPAULET.

The Emperor's miraculous escape with the loss of his epaulet has been explained. The shot which shattered General Auger's arm carried off his epaulet. The General, being brought to the rear for amputation, encountered the Emperor, who had a kind and cheering word for every body during the fight. Seeing the General's forlorn plight, he unbuttoned one of his own epaulets and placed it on General Auger's shoulder, thereby creating him a General of Division on the spot. Such is the version given of this extraordinary incident. The Emperor, on being seen riding about with only one of his "wings," was supposed to have been deprived of the other by a cannon-ball; but had such been the case, the windage alone would have seriously injured him.

HOW THE EMPEROR ROUSES HIS MEN.

An officer of the Zouaves related the following incident that occurred at the battle of Solferino:

"We were fighting desperately to get into Cavriana. The Emperor came to satisfy himself as to what was going on; the balls whistled round us, and a shell bursting close by made his Majesty's horse rear. The escort proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer, as the uniforms of the generals and cuirasses of the Cent Guards served as points to aim at. The colonel threw himself in front of the Emperor, and said, 'Sire, do not expose yourself; it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the Emperor with a smile, 'silence them, and they will fire no longer.' This expression gave us a fresh vigor, and I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained one hundred yards, and in twenty minutes after we had taken Cavriana."

HOW SOLFERINO WAS TAKEN.

A letter says: "As all the roads are between the different spurs, each forms a sort of defile. The chief attacks were consequently directed upon the heights themselves. Most of these are so steep at their upper part that a person unencumbered by any thing has the greatest difficulty in climbing them, so you may imagine what it was for the French soldiers to get to the top with their packs. The Austrians on the top had left theirs behind them, and waited the attack in this manner. Add to this difficulty a scorching June sun, several hostile batteries sending down grape, and a dense mass of infantry firing down with their rifles. It was noon before the heights were crowned. A brigade of the first division of the first corps, and one of the second division, first corps, did their best to get possession of the heights, but they had to go back again. It was then that the Emperor, who was on one of the low hills directing the movements, is reported to have said, '*Il faut avoir ce point, c'est la chef de la position. Dites aux Grenadiers de la Garde de s'avancer*,' and then, as if remembering that they had had their share at Magenta, he said, '*Non; envoyez la premiere brigads des Voltigeurs*;' and the Chasseurs and the first battalions of the first and second regiments of Voltigeurs came on and took the heights at a run, with the twelve guns that were placed there. Their dash was so magnificent that the Emperor, and in imitation of him, the whole Staff, raised their caps and shouted, '*Bravo, les Voltigeurs!*' I got to the place a short time after it had been taken, and I must confess that I never saw such destruction of humanity in so small a space. You saw what the fight cost both sides when you counted the numbers and facings of the different regiments engaged. The wonder to me is, how the position could ever be taken. Those of the enemy who were in the keep at the foot of the town were taken prisoners. They had orders to defend the place to the last man.

MILITARY BALLOONS.

The correspondent of the *Independance Belge* states that on the 29th of June M. Godard made two balloon ascensions, taking up with him officers of the staff and engineers. They went up from the Sardinian outposts, about a mile from the walls of Peschiera, to learn the positions of the enemy and the condition of the place.

ARMY GOSSIP.

The Turin correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, writing on the 1st inst., says: "Dreadful accounts of the slaughter at Solferino continue to arrive. 20,000 extra beds have been ordered down from Milan to Brescia, and 10,000 beds from here. Moreover, well provided as the French army is with surgeons, medical men employed in the civil hospitals here have been hurried down to the scene of the late battle. The weather is frightfully hot, and the number of wounded who, under more favorable circumstances, would probably have recovered that fall victims to hospital gangrene is very great. Poor General Auger, of the Artillery, whose arm was shot off, underwent, the day before yesterday, the frightful operation of having the mutilated stump taken out of the socket. It was performed under the personal superintendence of the Emperor's own surgeon, Baron Laney, but poor Auger is not expected to survive. Of all the Generals who were hit none is out of danger but Forey, the same who received a slight wound at the commencement of the campaign while bringing up his troops at Montebello. Canrobert's conduct in the late action is severely blamed, as it very nearly compromised the success of the battle. I do not know how far the account which reaches me may be correct, but it is universally prevalent in the French camp. It is said that General Niel, who was very severely pressed, sent an aid-de-camp to Marshal Canrobert with a request for assistance. Canrobert replied that he was very sorry, but that he could not spare a single battalion, as he had received notice from the Emperor that his right wing would be attacked by a large Austrian force coming from Mantua. It was not until six hours later, when the Marshal saw that no troops sallied from Mantua, that he detached one division to support Niel's attack. Had he done so before, much bloodshed would have been spared. The feeling in the army is so general on the subject that I do not think it possible that the Emperor can avoid noticing it in general orders."

MOVEMENTS OF KOSSUTH.

A letter says: "When Kossuth arrived after midnight at Piacenza, the guard at the gates received him with a blurt, 'Che diavolo fate cosi tardi.' He could quietly go to a hotel without being recognized. At breakfast, however, the waiter brought the foreigners' book to get the names of the guests inscribed, and seeing the name, 'Kossuth,' he rushed out of the room like a madman. Not five minutes passed, and all the 30,000 inhabitants of Piacenza know it already, and, as if called together by an alarm bell, they rushed under his windows and shouted their vivas with the heartiest good-will. The mayor and the municipality appeared in his room to offer their compliments and their services. Montanelli arrived, the respected late minister of Tuscany, who lost his arm in 1848, fighting at Curtatone for the liberty of Italy. The room is soon overcrowded with visitors. Kossuth must take a drive with them, but as he comes down the stairs the crowd rushes to him, kissing his hands and garments, the horses are unharnessed, the Italians drag the carriage along; thousands and thousands follow, flowers are showered from the windows, and with all the enthusiasm of renascent liberty, the population lavishes its caresses on the stranger whose name is connected with liberty, and therefore is taken by them for a pledge of their own freedom.

HIS ARRIVAL AT PARMA.

"At two o'clock P.M. Kossuth arrived at Parma. The town was gaudily adorned in expectation of the arrival of Prince Napoleon. Kossuth's companion having been recognized by some Italian standing before the hotel, he asked, 'Count Cavour?' Kossuth said 'No,' when suddenly the eye of the Italian lighted up, and he began to shout, 'Kossuth! evviva Kossuth!' In a few minutes all the town was alive with the news; the crowds assembled outside the hotel; the visitors thronged the parlor; and a guard of honor was placed before the door. The governor of the province invited him to his box in the theatre, which Kossuth of course declined, since it was Prince Napoleon who had to receive the ovations of the people on that day, and Kossuth would not divert the attention of the Italians."

A COCK AND BULL STORY ABOUT KOSSUTH.

The London *Times* contains the following: "Through a perfectly reliable financial channel information has been unexpectedly obtained to-day of the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon with regard to Hungary. They will excite surprise; but the character of the parties from whom the account is derived, and the nature of their opportunities for obtaining details upon the point, are such as to leave no opening for incredulity. Kossuth has by this time had an interview with the French Monarch at head-quarters, and the circumstances by which their meeting was preceded are thus narrated: Colonel Nicolas Kiss, who is residing in Paris, and who married a French lady of fortune, conducted all the preliminary steps. Overtures were made to him which he had to communicate to Kossuth, and he has, therefore, of late been constantly to and fro between the two countries. For some time he found it impossible to bring about an understanding. Kossuth required guarantees of the good faith of the Emperor which his Majesty hesitated to give, and it was at last resolved at Paris to send Kossuth a message that a determination had been formed to raise Hungary, with or without his aid. Kossuth replied that in that case he would issue an address to the Hungarian nation warning them not to believe the Emperor's assurances. This proved decisive. Kossuth was invited to Paris, and left London for that city a few days before the departure of his Majesty for the army. He was received at the Tuileries by the Emperor, and certain defined conditions were then agreed to. These were: 1. That the Emperor should give Kossuth a *corps d'armée*, and arms and ammunition to any extent required. 2. That the Emperor should issue the first proclamation to the Hungarian nation, and that this should be followed by one from Kossuth. 3. That in case of Hungary rising and freeing herself from Austria, France should be the first officially to recognize the independence of the country, and should then obtain the same recognition from her allies. 4. That the Emperor should allow Hungary, without interference on his part, to choose her own form of government, and to elect for sovereign the person she may deem most desirable. 5. That the formation of a Hungarian legion should commence immediately. And lastly, that as a token of agreement to the foregoing, the Emperor should place 3,000,000 francs at Kossuth's disposal, and the management of which, Kossuth having declined to accept it, has been placed under the Hungarian Committee now acting at Genoa. Simultaneously with the adoption of this arrangement Kossuth received instructions to return to England, and to agitate for the maintenance of a strict neutrality—a task which the public are aware he faithfully fulfilled. Having delivered several public speeches in this country, he then left for Italy, and the latest intelligence with regard to him is that, accompanied by Colonel Kiss and Major Figyelmesy, he was on his way to the French head-quarters."

AUSTRIAN EXTORTIONS AT VENICE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The most distressing news reaches us of arrests at Venice. Things can not go on as they are much longer. We shall have open revolution unless the French and Sardinians effect their landing soon. Some time since I received a letter from the father of a large family—a nobleman and a proprietor—who, under any ordinary Government, would be considered in affluent circumstances. 'I pay eighty-four per cent. *taxes*,' he wrote, 'and with the remainder, sixteen per cent., I have to support my whole family. The feudal laws prevent me from alienating a shred of my estate. We are reduced to genteel beggary. And now a fresh decree, a forced loan of 50,000,000 florins ($25,000,000) is to be extorted from the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom! As the Lombards are free, the Venetians must pay the whole.' I have heard New Yorkers grumble at their American taxes. Let them ponder these facts."

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*:

"Sir.—A number of malicious statements having been put in circulation, with the object of injuring this undertaking, by creating an impression that the Atlantic Cable, when successfully laid in August last, was incapable of transmitting messages between Ireland and Newfoundland, I should feel greatly obliged if you will do me the favor to record in your journal my solemn assurance that the following is a correct and truthful statement of the number of messages, words, and letters that passed through the conducting wire of the Atlantic Cable, from shore to shore, between the 10th of August and the 1st of September inclusive, in 1858.

"That there were not a great many more is owing simply to the fact, that the largest portion of even that interval was consumed in the necessary arrangements for adjusting and regulating the novel apparatus by which the signals were transmitted.

"The messages actually recorded, omitting conversations by telegraph between the clerks at the respective termini, were as follows:

"From Valentia to Newfoundland, 97 messages, containing 1102 words, containing 6476 letters. From Newfoundland to Valentia, 269 messages, containing 2840 words, containing 13,743 letters. Total, 366 messages, 3942 words, 20,219 letters.

"Among these were the message, announcing the safety of the *Europa's* passengers after her collision with the *Arabia*, and two messages for Her Majesty's War-office to Halifax and Montreal respectively, by which latter a large sum was saved to the revenue of this country. I am, etc.,

George Saward, Secretary,
"Atlantic Telegraph Company, No. 22 Old Broad Street.
"London, *Tuesday, July 5*."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR TAKING THE PART OF THE POPE.

An official condemnation by the Government of an article which appeared in the Paris *Siècle* affirms that respect for the Papacy forms part of the programme which the Emperor is carrying out in Italy. The responsibility of the conflict at Perugia is cast on those who compelled the Pontifical Government to make use of an armed force for its legitimate defense. The *Siècle* has replied to the Government communication, though it is not usual to do so. The *Patrie* also protests against the approbation given by the Minister of the Interior to the events at Perugia.

TRAINING BOYS IN THE WAY THEY MUST GO.

The *Moniteur* publishes a circular from M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, to the rectors of academies, enjoining them to have all the bulletins of the army of Italy read to the pupils, and to have them posted up in the schools, as "youth is open to noble sentiments, and its heart is touched by great things, and devoted to the dynasties that know how to undertake them," etc.

LITERARY PIRACY BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A complaint was lately laid before the Tribunal of Correctional Police against M. Alexandre Dumas for having, in a work called "Le Caucase," pirated largely from a small volume entitled "Souvenirs d'une Française captive de Schamyl;" and against the printer and publisher of "Le Caucase," for having printed and published the piracy. M. Merlieux, a literary man, proved that he is the author of the "Souvenirs," which was published two years ago; that it contains a history of the captivity which two Russian ladies, the Princess Tchawtchawadzé and Orbeliani, and a French woman, Madame Drancey, underwent in the hands of Schamyl some years back; and that great part of that history had been copied verbally, or almost verbally, by Dumas in his "Caucase." M. Alexandre Dumas in his defense represented, through his advocate, that the details of the said captivity had been published both in Russian and French, and in every newspaper in Europe, so that M. Merlieux had no exclusive property in them, and that, besides, it was impossible for any writer, in relating them, not to imitate to a certain extent his predecessor. He represented also that the two princesses, whom he saw at Tiflis, had given him an outline of their adventures, and had referred him to the book in question for all the additional details he might require. He further represented that he had duly acknowledged in foot-notes that he was indebted to the complainant's work for some of his facts. The Tribunal, on comparing "Le Caucase" and the "Souvenirs," decided that the former contained so many textual extracts from the latter as to be a piracy; it therefore fined Dumas 100 francs, his printer and publisher 125 francs, and it condemned all jointly to pay 500 francs damages.

WANTED TO SEE "EUGENY."

We read in the *Evening Post*: "Among our recent representatives abroad was a gentleman hailing from the far West. On his way to the scene of his diplomatic labor he had occasion to visit Paris. Calling upon the worthy old Virginia gentleman who represents us at the Court of Napoleon, he expressed a special desire to 'see Eugeny.' He was informed that Sunday was the reception-day of the Empress, and that our Minister to France would have great pleasure in presenting him on that day. At the time appointed our Western friend made his appearance equipped in the gorgeous uniform of a Colonel of the Iowa militia. He was formally presented to the Emperor as the Honorable Mr. Blank, fully accredited to the Court of Blank. The usual formal salutation having been performed, he was presented to the Empress.

"'I'm proud to make yer acquaintance, ma'am,' said our representative. 'I've heerd a great deal of you, by a mootual acquaintance of ourn, who's ben a-traveling in Yewrup, and seen pooty much all the men and wimmin that's worth knowin'. He says the Emp'rer Nic'las is the very fust man in Yewrup—the very fust, by a long shot; an' he says you're the finest woman he ever saw—the very finest. That are mootual friend of ourn is Judge Douglas, of Illinois; an' I tell you he's a fust-rate judge of wimmin, he is.'"

ITALY.

THE MASSACRE AT PERUGIA.

Mr. Perkins, the American gentleman who was in Perugia when the Swiss troops of the Papal Government barbarously sacked and plundered it, furnishes the following particulars: "The soldiers had been hurried night and day along the road with very short rations; five or six of them died on the road. On arriving at the little village near Santo Maria degli Angeli, below Assisi, where they had probably first struck the high road, they entered the houses and forced the people to give up all their wine, so that they were maddened and furious with excitement when they reached Perugia, and, as I have since found, were promised the pillage of the town! Alas, that the Swiss, people of a free land, can be hired to commit such outrages, for, once within the gates, their acts were those of assassins. They entered the houses, they fired right and left into the shops and houses, and about two hours after the attack had commenced we heard the doors of the hotel broken in, and shouting in the house, where, I should have said, the master of the inn was unarmed, had remained neutral, and made no resistance.

THE ATTACK ON THE HOTEL.

"At the door they shot down two of the servants who were calling out it was an inn; and, becoming aware from the angry sounds and the shooting that we were in great danger, the whole of our party went into an inner room on the second floor; and as the furies rushed on we concealed ourselves in a long narrow closet, into the end of which we had put the mistress of the house, her mother, and one of the servant women. Our own family consisted of one gentleman, four ladies, and two servants, so that we were ten crowded into a place not more than two feet wide. We commended ourselves to God's mercy, and prepared ourselves for death. Ten minutes of awful suspense and they were in the room, and, bursting open the door, they presented their bayonets. Three times they threatened us; they were like wild beasts. We all called out, 'Siamo Americani, forestieri;' one of the ladies had thrown herself on her knees, the bayonet pointed at her, when one brave heart was touched. A Swiss soldier rushed forward, crying, 'Shame, to kill women!' and thrusting himself between us, helped to appease the others by telling them we would give them what we had about us, and after taking our watches and what money we chanced to have they left the room. The good fellow, Conrad, said he would defend us, but that they were mad with wine, fatigue, and hunger.

SLAUGHTER OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

"A half hour of tranquillity, and we heard another party rushing through the house, and just before they reached our room the good fellow to whom we owe our lives rushed in by another door, crying out, 'Hide, hide! the closet, the closet!' and again we were hidden for an hour. These soldiers completely ravaged the house. They killed the master of the house (who was unarmed, endeavoring to expostulate with them), in the most brutal manner, just outside the door of the room where we were. It was a massacre. One soldier was only prevented from bayoneting the two poor women of the house by a comrade who wrestled with him while they ran to us. Two different times we were obliged to return into this closet. Till nine o'clock they were allowed to sack and plunder the town; and in one case they killed a poor little baby whose mother had pinned a cockade upon it. Seven women were killed, and a savage revenge wreaked upon these disobedient children of the Santo Padre. Doubtless the Perugians were most unwise and precipitate; though one must sympathize in their reasonable desires for a portion of that civil liberty which English and Americans inherit, thank God, as their right. But it is an outrage too great not to bring a sure moral retribution throughout Christendom, that, in the name of the self-styled vicar of Christ, such cruel and bloody slaughter should have been made. Many of the inhabitants are ruined; in the Hôtel de France not a thing was left whole: tables, chairs, mirrors, every thing pounded and broken into small bits. Our trunks were broken open and every thing despoiled. With a large loss we escaped with our lives; and under the protection of the passport, which I providentially had in my pocket, we obtained permission to leave the city—the city of the dead, for along the streets next morning we saw the bodies lying as they had fallen."

DISCONTENT AT NAPLES.

The following is the address from the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies to the new King:

"Sire—At this solemn moment, when the hearts of twenty-one millions of people beat with hope and joy so recently awakened throughout the common country, it is to you, young monarch, that the words of Neapolitans are directed. The thrones of the Peninsula are ceasing to be any thing more than a memory. Some have fallen, never again to be raised up. Yours trembles beneath your feet. It has, however, a support, not in abhorred Cæsar of the North, but in our desires, stronger than thousands of Croats. The restoration of the Constitution, sworn to at the foot of the altar of the avenging Deity by your deceased father—this is the only plank remaining in so tempestuous a sea of glorious fraternal blood. Will you seal your ears to the thunders of the voices of your people? Woe to kings who sleep on their cannon! An idea, when it is general—when it is sovereign—laughs at grape-shot, and scorns the bayonets of despotism, which turn against those who wield them. Thus let us relate the history of your house. The knife of the country struck Henry IV., Louis XVI., the Duc de Berri, Philip of Orleans, the Duke of Parma, and your father. Is the seed of Ravailac and of Milano destroyed? Far be from you these evil omens; but how often do these become history! The Constitution restored; a ministry not of every color, immoral, oppressive; a police, vigilant, but not arbitrary, tyrannical, despotic; a national army, generous, patriotic; such are the infallible means of establishing your dynasty. You are Italian; in your veins run the noble blood of Savoy, and while the beams of the most lovely sun in the world shine upon your head, now is the acceptable time! Happy you, if you will seize to your advantage; unhappy you, if, hesitating, you forget who you are. Remember that your father lived eleven years of exile, of palpitation, and of fear; that his dwelling was a rock, his miserable palladium an evil-counseled policy. What was the end of it? You know. You will not have forgotten the 22d of May. France is in Italy: her arms at the gates of the kingdom. The execration of men and the malediction of God hang over the head of the impenitent. The martyrdom of the innocents for two lustres—hope deluded—genius oppressed—justice sold—the despairing cries of this, the most noble part of the land of beauty, find an echo in the magnanimous heart of the conqueror of Sebastopol and of Magenta. And the sole recollection that we are Italians will avenge the outrages of our country, and wash its wounds in the blood of the traitors. Consider! Decide!"

THE JESUITS EXPELLED FROM MILAN.

A letter from Milan, of the 25th ult., gives some details of the movement which had taken place in that city against the Jesuits: "The evening before last the people of Milan made a threatening demonstration against the Jesuits, who, after having been kept away from the city by Monseigneur Aisruch, a German archbishop, were recalled in 1852, and protected by an Italian one, Monseigneur Romilli, who recently died. The people were much irritated against the body, whom public rumor accused of keeping up a secret correspondence with Austria; and they would in their fury have broken open the doors of the convent but for the intervention of some Piedmontese carbineers, French gens d'armes, and the national guards. A search of their house was, however, ordered, and there is reason to believe that papers of a compromising character were found there, since on the following day a decree was issued expelling them from the country. This decree is, moreover, in conformity with the laws of Piedmont, from which country the Jesuits and the Dames du Sacre Cœur were ordered away in 1848. On that very day the convent of the Jesuits was empty, but in the middle of the night a national guard who was posted at some distance from the house saw one of the fathers, dressed in plain clothes, go to the door and put a key into the lock to open it. The national guard asked him what he was doing there, when the answer was, 'I am entering my house.' 'What are you going to do there?' asked the other. The father replied that he was going to say mass; but the national guard thought the most prudent plan was to put the key into his own pocket and walk the priest off to the questure. It is thought that several of the other members of the body have doffed their Jesuit dress and are concealed in Milan."

SWEDEN.

DEATH OF THE KING.

A telegram from Stockholm announces the death of Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway. The event occurred on the 8th of July, after an illness which had incapacitated the King from taking any active part in Government since September, 1857. King Oscar was the son of Bernadotte, whom he succeeded on the Swedish throne in 1844. Born in Paris in 1799, he was placed at the age of nine years in the Imperial Lyceum; but on the accession of his father to the throne his studies were interrupted, and his education was confined to the requirements of his new position. Under the teachings of his preceptors, M. Tannstroem and the poet Atterborn, he rapidly acquired a proficiency in the Swedish language. In 1811 he entered the Swedish Army. In July, 1818, he married Josephine-Maximilienne-Eugenie—eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. In 1834 he was named Viceroy of Norway, and in 1838 exercised the powers of the Regency during the illness of his father. In March, 1844, he ascended the throne, and became heir to a personal fortune of 80,000,000 francs, saved by Bernadotte from a civil list of but 2,000,000 per annum.

King Oscar's Government was marked by liberality and justice. In 1845, the year following his accession, he presented to the Diet several projects of reform—a proposition for the abolition of the right of primogeniture in noble families, and another for the revision of the criminal code; and, in the succeeding year, named a Commission for a revision of the Constitution. His measures have redounded to the welfare of his people, and his reign was pacific. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Prince Charles, who was appointed Regent by royal ordinance, in 1857, when the King's illness became so severe as to unfit him for the conduct of affairs.

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

We publish herewith two engravings of the battle of Solferino, from drawings by the Chevalier Giacomelli. These pictures will render the published accounts intelligible.

We have already described the battle at some length. In this place it will be sufficient to give the Austrian account of the battle as communicated to the *Times* by their correspondent at the Austrian head-quarters, with an extract from the *Daily News* in reference to the burial of the dead. The *Times* correspondent writes:

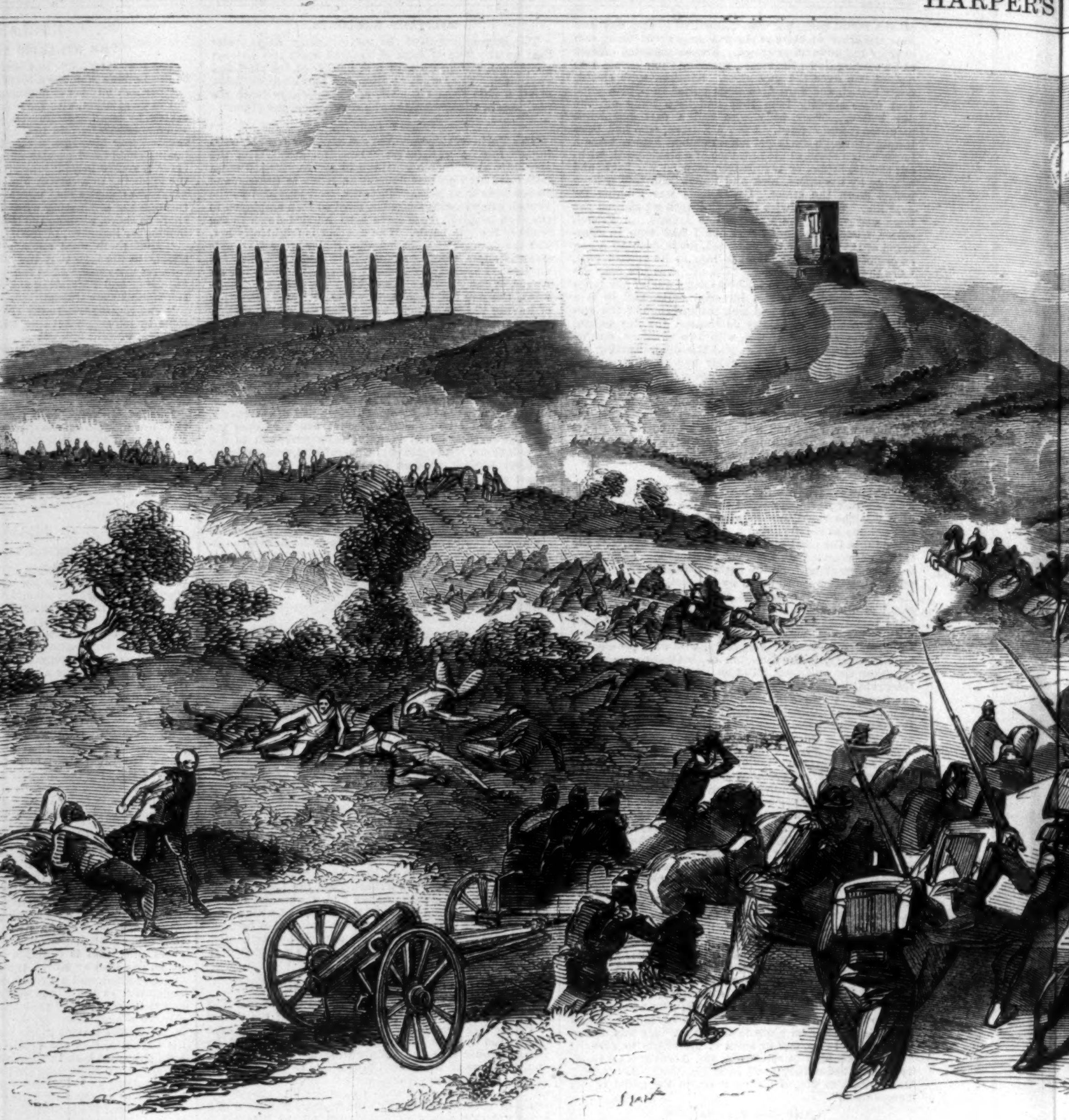
"Far up to the north rose the hills on the side of which stands the town of Castiglione, the domes of which were visible to the naked eye. The sun alternately shone out in overpowering brilliancy, anon concealed itself behind clouds over the field of battle. Lists so vast, so enormous a congregation of men engaged in a deadly struggle, I had never seen. The small puffs of the muskets exploding were lost in the immensity of the landscape. It was only when volleys of artillery followed each other in rapid succession that the smoke took a distinct form. It was soon lost, however, in the general haze, and only broken again by the white parabola of rockets, of which the Austrians were making considerable use. The forms of the man were lost to the eye in the vast proportions of the fight, and it was only when heavy masses lay together, and they assumed an aggregate shape, that any conception could be obtained of their presence. With a telescope one could see, as it were, myriads of men on each side fighting at all points; dead bodies of men and horses strewn on the ground, with the wreck of uniforms and arms; but to the naked eye it seemed as if a vast ant-hill were in motion—men becoming pigmies, as they doubtless are, in encounters of such magnitude.

"The movements of the contending armies had been as follows: At six o'clock in the morning the Piedmontese, who occupied the left of the allied position, advanced against the 8th corps under Benedek, while the French attacked the 5th under Stadion on the heights of Solferino. These movements were no sooner commenced on the French left than the Austrians moved on their left also, the 3d corps, under Schwarzenberg, advancing on the road to Castiglione through Guiddizzolo; the 9th, under Schafgotsch, on the parallel road to Medole. The latter had hardly moved a mile from its bivouac when it met the enemy in front at Medole. Schwarzenberg sent two batteries forward on the Campo di Medole, where the French, as I before observed, had placed three batteries in a crescent, the two extremes or horns of which placed the Austrians under a cross fire. On the heights of Solferino, and to the Austrian right, the attack of the French and Piedmontese was repulsed with severe loss, several prisoners falling into the hands of the Austrians. The corps Schafgotsch successfully advanced, and fought its way in the direction of Medole, but Schwarzenberg's batteries had got into a position in which they were incurring serious losses, and it was found necessary to withdraw them. In order to do this Mensdoff's brigade of cavalry moved out to the right of Schwarzenberg into the plain, and advanced toward the French batteries, thus drawing upon itself part of the fire which was then pressing so heavily upon the Austrian guns. While the latter retired the cavalry charged a party of French cavalry, which it is said to have terribly cut up, and finally fell upon a square of French infantry. It was done at the price of heavy losses. Scores of men and horses fell, and two squadrons of Hussars I saw returning reduced to thirty men. The Austrian guns, having now assumed a position in rear of that which they had previously occupied, reopened fire, and the 3d corps endeavored to advance on the plain and take the French artillery with the bayonet. This they failed, however, to accomplish, and ultimately they had to fall back. From that moment, however, till late in the day the cannonade on that point continued fast and furious. As for the Austrian cavalry, it appeared no more on the field, as far as I could see. It was now past nine o'clock; and though the first attack of the allies on the Austrian right had failed, from the gallantry with which the 8th and 5th corps had repelled it, the French and Piedmontese were but too well aware that Solferino was the key of the Austrian position to spare efforts for carrying it. The French Grenadiers several times made their way to the very top of the rock on which stands 'the spy tower,' but were repeatedly repulsed by the 1st corps, which had been thrown forward from Cavriana to Solferino to strengthen the 5th, then beginning to show symptoms of fatigue.

"The French, however, continued their efforts, and pressed Solferino, not only in front, but on both flanks. Under cover of the tremendous artillery fire which they kept up in the plain of Medole—a fire which had already forced Schwarzenberg to fall back—and while Schafgotsch was merely, as it seemed, kept in play on the Medole road, the French advanced two heavy divisions from their front to San Cassiano. These were soon lost sight of in the open, and doubtless acted as a column of assault in flank upon Solferino. Till about half past one o'clock the Austrians had repelled every attack except one. They held firmly at Solferino, at Medole, and on the extreme right of the position, but it soon became obvious that they were rapidly being outdone. The Emperor of Austria, after paying a flying visit to Volta, was now standing with all his staff on the hill in front of the last-named village. It became necessary to give the order for a retreat, which was accordingly done at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was just at this moment that the position of Cavriana was assailed. The French from Solferino began shelling it at short range, and it was no longer a fit place for the Emperor or his staff. The Emperor, leaving his staff at a farm-yard on the road to Volta, turned back with a chosen few, and looked on while a last effort was made to fight for the possession of Cavriana. The last effort was made, but to no purpose. Nearer and nearer fell the French shells, till one actually cracked over the head of the Emperor, and another burst in the middle of the staff. The order for a general retreat had in the mean time been carried out, and while the Emperor and the Archduke retired by a cross-road to Valleggio the 1st army began to withdraw toward Mantua."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 27th of June:

"The thousands who fell on the memorable day of Friday last were not yet all buried, so that I could see with my own eyes the dreadful and heart-rending traces of that battle of giants. Many gallant fellows, who are now at rest, can be seen here and at San Martino stripped naked, and waiting for their last receptacle, which the grave-diggers are preparing for them. The number of bodies being so great, hundreds of peasants of Rivoltella, San Pietro, San Martino, Solferino, and Cavriana, were enlisted to perform that painful duty. The scene presented by this mournful field is still more affecting than that of Magenta. Not only was the slaughter far greater, but the intense heat of the season has corrupted the bodies to a dreadful extent, and all the noble features of men's faces have been hideously decomposed by the process of putrefaction. As you may easily imagine, the stench has polluted the air to such a degree, that the surrounding villages are in great danger of typhus. Some cases of that terrible disease have already been noticed in the hospital of Castiglione delle Stiviere."



THE EMPEROR DIRECTING THE VOLTIGEURS OF THE GUARD T

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"The soup is hot," said Gerard.

"But how are we to swallow it?" inquired the senior, despondingly.

"Father, the young man has brought us straws." And Margaret smiled slyly.

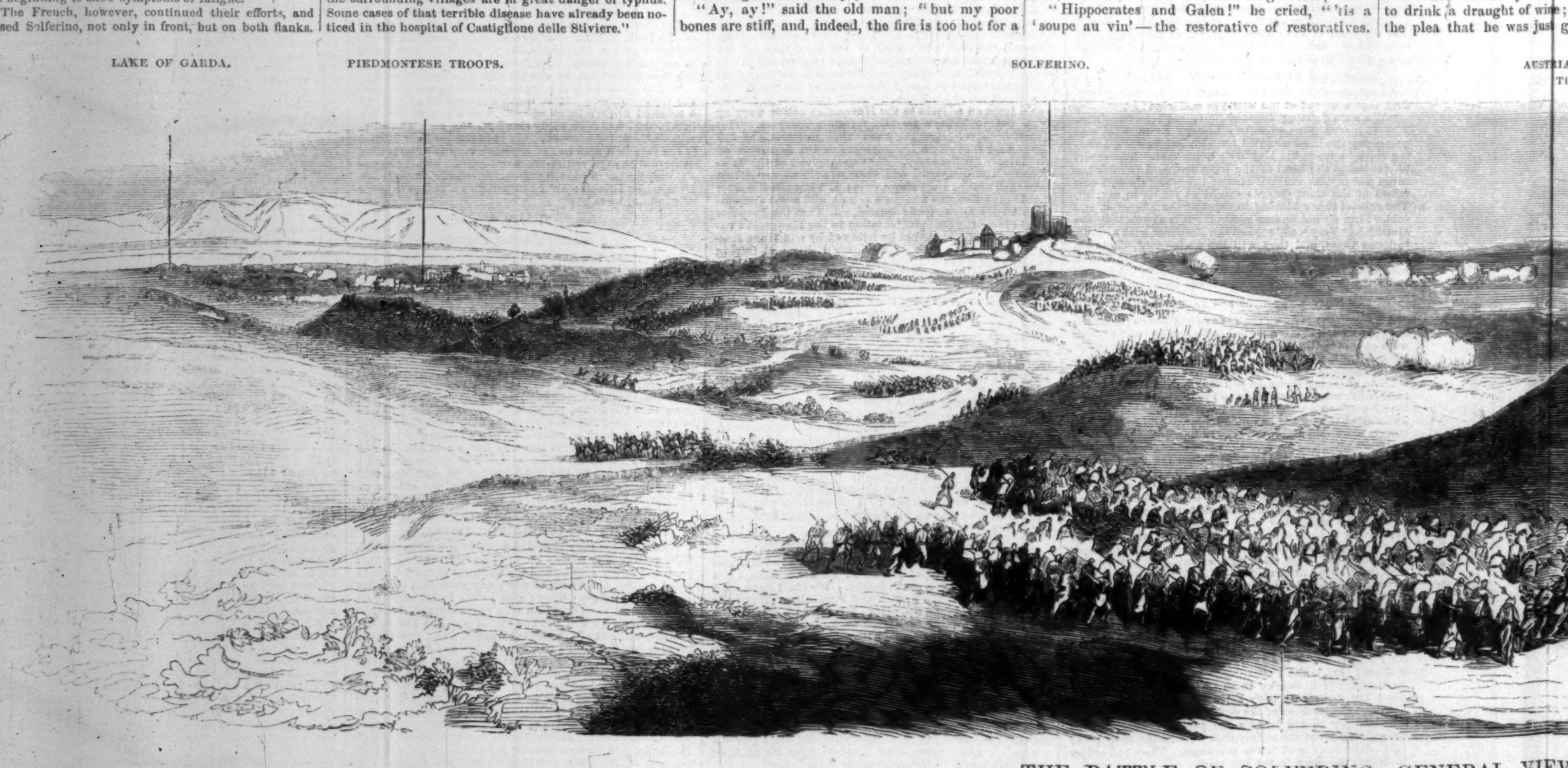
"Ay, ay!" said the old man; "but my poor bones are stiff, and, indeed, the fire is too hot for a body to kneel over with these short straws. St. John the Baptist! but the young man is adroit."

For while he stated his difficulty Gerard removed it. He untied in a moment the knot on his breast, took his hat off his back, put three stones into the corner, then, wrapping his hand in the tail of his jerkin, whipped the flask off the fire, wedged it in between the stones, and put the hat under the old man's nose with a merry smile. The other tremulously inserted the pipe of rye-straw and sucked. Lo and behold his wan, drawn face was seen to light up more and more, till it quite glowed; and, as soon as he had drawn a long breath,

"Hippocrates and Galen!" he cried, "'tis a 'soupe au vin'—the restorative of restoratives. Blessed be the nation that inv
man that made it, and the yo
it to fainting folk. Have a
I relate to our host the his
this his sovereign compound.
young Sir, was unknown to t
it neither in their treatises of m
popular narratives which revea
edies, both in chirurgery an
Hector, in the Ilias, if my m
me false—"

Margaret. "Alas! he's o

"—was invited by one of th
to drink a draught of wine;
the plea that he was just g



THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO—GENERAL VIEW

D TO TAKE SOLFERINO.—[From a Sketch by Chevalier Giacomelli.]

at invented it, and the wo-
he young man who brings
ve a suck, my girl, while
he history and virtues of
ound. This corroborative,
n to the ancients; we find
es of medicine, nor in those
reveal many of their rem-
ry and medicine proper.
ny memory does not play

he's off."
e of the ladies in the poem
rine; but he declined, on
ust going into battle and must not take aught to weaken his powers. Now, if the 'soupe au vin' had been known in Troy, it is clear that in declining 'vinum merum' upon that score, he would have added in the next hexameter, 'But a "soupe au vin," madam, I will degust, and gratefully.' Not only would this have been but common civility—a virtue no perfect commander is wanting in—but not to have done it would have proved him a shallow and improvident person, quite unfit to be trusted with the conduct of a war; for men going into battle need sustenance and all possible support, as is proved by this—that foolish generals, bringing hungry soldiers to battle with full ones, have been defeated, in all ages, by inferior numbers. The Romans lost a great battle in the north of Italy to Hannibal the Carthaginian, by this neglect alone. Now this divine elixir gives in one moment force to the limbs and ardor to the spirits; and taken into Hector's body at the nick of time, would, by the aid of Phœbus, Venus, and the blessed saints, have most likely procured the Greeks a defeat. For note how faint and weary and heart-sick I was a minute ago; well, I suck this celestial cordial, and now behold me brave as Achilles and strong as an eagle."

"Oh, Father! now, an eagle!"

"Girl, I defy thee and all the world. Ready, I say, like a foaming charger, to devour the space between this and Rotterdam, and strong to combat the ills of life, even poverty and old age, which last philosophers have called the 'summum malum.' Negatur; unless the man's life has been ill-spent—which, by-the-by, it generally has. Now for the moderns."

"Father! dear Father!"

"Fear me not, girl, I will be brief, beyond measure brief. The 'soupe au vin' occurs not in modern science; but this is only one proof more, if proof were needed, that for the last few hundred years physicians have all been idiots, with their chicken broth and their decoction of gold, whereby they attribute the highest qualities to that meat which has the least juice of any meat, and to that metal which has less chemical qualities than all the metals. Mountebanks! dunces! homicides! Since, then, from these no light is to be gathered, we must go to the chroniclers; and first we find that Duguesclin, a French knight, being about to join battle with the English—masters at that time of half France, and sturdy strikers by sea and land—drank, not one, but three, 'soupes au vin,' in honor of the Blessed Trinity. This done, he charged the islanders; and as might have been expected, killed a multitude of them, and drove the rest into the sea. But he was only the first of a long list of holy and hard-hitting ones who have, by this divine restorative, been sustentated, fortified, corroborated, and consoled."

"Dear father, prythee add thyself to that list before the soup cools." And Margaret held the hat imploringly in both hands til' he inserted the straw once more.

This spared them the "modern instances," and gave Gerard an opportunity of telling Margaret how proud his mother would be her soup had profited a man of learning.

"Ay! but," said Margaret, "it would like her ill to see her son give all and take none himself. Why brought you but two straws?"

"Fair mistress, I hoped you would let me put my lips to your straw, there being but two."

Margaret smiled and blushed. "Never beg that you may command," said she. "The straw is not mine—'tis yours; you cut it in yonder field."

"I cut it, and that made it mine; but after that your lip touched it, and that made it yours."

"Did it? Then I will lend it you. There—now it is yours again; *your* lip has touched it."

"No, it belongs to us both now. Let us divide it."

"By all means; you have a knife."

"No, I will not cut it—that would be unlucky. I'll bite it. There. I shall keep my half; you will burn yours the moment you get home, I doubt."

"You know me not. I waste nothing. It is odds but I make a hair-pin of it, or something."

This answer dashed the novice Gerard instead of provoking him to fresh efforts, and he was silent. And now, the bread and soup being disposed of, the old scholar prepared to continue his journey. Then came a little difficulty. Gerard, the adroit, could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after slyly eying his efforts for some time, offered to help him; for at her age girls love to be coy and tender, saucy and gentle, by turns, and she saw she had put him out of countenance but now. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy, and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly toward him; and, while it ravished his eye, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and moulded it with soft and airy touches. Then a heavenly thrill ran through the innocent young man, and vague glimpses of a new world of feeling and sentiment opened on him. And these new and exquisite sensations Margaret unwittingly prolonged; it is not natural to her sex to hurry ought that pertains to the sacred toilet. Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy, till, by a manœuvre peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the centre of the knot—a sweet little coaxing hand-kiss, as much as to say, "Now be a good knot, and stay as you are." The palm-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it.

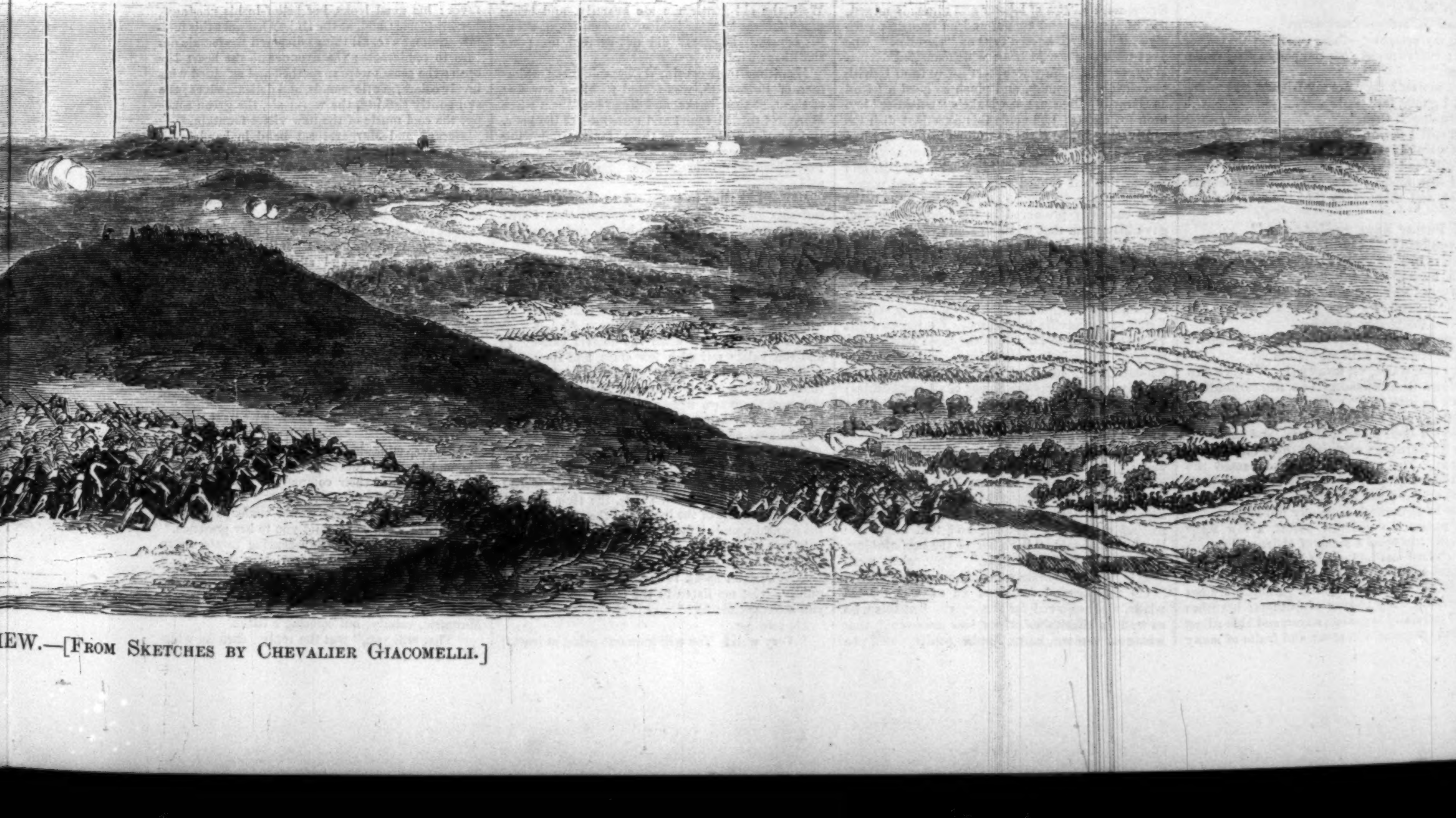
"There, that is how it was," said Margaret, and drew back to take one last keen survey of her work; then looking up for simple approval of her skill, received full in her eyes a longing gaze of such ardent adoration as made her lower them quickly and color all over. An indescribable tremor seized her, and she retreated with downcast lashes and tell-tale cheeks, and took her father's arm on the opposite side. Gerard, blushing at having scared her with his eyes, took the other arm; and so the two young things went downcast and conscious, and propped the eagle along in silence.

They entered Rotterdam by the Schiedamze Poort; and as Gerard was unacquainted with the town, Peter directed him the way to the Hooch Straet, in which the Stadthouse was. He himself was going with Margaret to his cousin, in the Ooster-Waagen Straet; so almost on entering the gate their roads lay apart. They bade each other a friendly adieu, and Gerard dived into the great town. A profound, an aching sense of solitude, fell upon him, yet the streets were crowded. Then he lamented too late that, out of delicacy, he had not asked his late companions who they were and where they lived.

"Beshrew my shamefacedness!" said he. "But their words and their breeding were above their means, and something whispered me they would not be known. I shall never see her more. Oh! weary world, I hate you and your ways. To think I must meet beauty and goodness and learning—three pearls of price—and never see them more!"

Falling into this sad reverie, and letting his body go where it would, he lost his way; but presently meeting a crowd of persons all moving in one direction, he mingled with them, for he argued they must be making for the Stadthouse. Soon the noisy troop that contained the moody Gerard emerged, not upon the Stadthouse, but upon a

STRIAN BATTERIES. CAVRIANA. THE EMPEROR AND HIS STAFF. MANTUA. GRENADIERS AND CHASSEURS OF THE GUARD. AUSTRIAN BATTERY. CANROBERT'S AND NIEL'S CORPS D'ARMÉE.



IEW.—[From Sketches by Chevalier Giacomelli.]

large meadow by the side of the Maas; and then the attraction was at once revealed. Games of all sorts were going on: wrestling, the game of palm, the quintain, legerdemain, archery, tumbling, in which art, I blush to say, women as well as men performed, to the great delectation of the company. There was also a trained bear, which stood on his head, and stood upright and bowed with prodigious gravity to his master, and a hare that beat a drum, and a cock that strutted on little stilts disdainfully. These things made Gerard laugh now and then; but the gay scene could not really enliven it, for his heart was not in tune with it. So hearing a young man say to his fellow that the Duke had been in the meadow, but was gone to the Stadthouse to entertain the burgomasters and aldermen and the competitors for the prizes, and their friends, he suddenly remembered he was hungry, and should like to sup with a prince. He left the river side, and this time he found the Hooch Straet, and it speedily led him to the Stadthouse. But when he got there he was refused, first at one door, then at another, till he came to the great gate of the court-yard. It was kept by soldiers, and superintended by a pompous major-domo, glittering in an embroidered collar and a gold chain of office, and holding a white staff with a gold knob. There was a crowd at the gate of persons endeavoring to soften this official rock. They came up in turn like ripples, and retired to make way for others equally unsuccessful. It cost Gerard a struggle to get near him, and when he got within four heads of the gate, he saw something that made his heart beat: there was Peter, with Margaret on his arm, soliciting humbly for entrance.

"My cousin the alderman is not at home. They say he is here."

"What is that to me, old man?"

"If you will not let us pass in to him, at least take this leaf from my tablet to my cousin. See, I have written his name: he will come out to us."

"For what do you take me? I carry no messages. I keep the gate."

He then bawled, in a stentorian voice, inexorably:

"No strangers enter here but the competitors and their companies."

"Come, old man," cried a voice in the crowd, "you have gotten your answer; make way."

Margaret turned half round imploringly:

"Good people! we are come from far, and my father is old: and my cousin has a new servant that knows us not, and would not let us sit in our cousin's house."

At this the crowd laughed hoarsely. Margaret shrank as if they had struck her. At that moment a hand grasped hers—such a grasp: it felt like heart meeting heart, or magnet steel. She turned quickly round at it, and it was Gerard. Such a little cry of joy and appeal came from her bosom, and she began to whimper prettily:

They had hustled her and frightened her for one thing; and her cousin's thoughtlessness in not even telling his servant they were coming was cruel; and the servant's caution, however wise and faithful to his master, was bitterly mortifying to her father and her. And to her—so mortified, and anxious and jostled—came suddenly this kind hand and face. "Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

"All is well now," remarked a coarse humorist; "she has gotten her sweet-heart."

"Haw! haw! haw!" went the crowd.

She dropped Gerard's hand directly, and turned round with eyes flashing through her tears:

"I have no sweet-heart, you rude men. But I am friendless in your boorish town, and this is a friend; and one who knows, what you know not, how to treat the aged and the weak."

The crowd was dead silent. They had only been thoughtless, and now felt the rebuke, though severe, was just. The silence enabled Gerard to treat with the porter.

"I am a competitor, Sir."

"What is your name?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Gerard."

The janitor inspected a slip of parchment he held in his hand:

"Gerard Gerardssoen can enter."

"With my company—these two?"

"Nay; those are not your company: they came before you."

"What matter? they are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That will I not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily."

Gerard then raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted, so that the whole street rang:

"HO! PHILIP EARL OF HOLLAND!"

"Are you mad?"

"HERE IS ONE OF YOUR VARLETS DEFIES YOU."

"Hush, hush!"

"AND WILL NOT LET YOUR GUESTS PASS IN."

"Hush! murder! The Duke's there! I'm dead!" cried the janitor, quaking.

Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted, with all his lungs:

"OPEN THE GATE, YE KNAVES! WAY THERE FOR GERARD GERARDSSOEN AND HIS COMPANY! (the fiends go with him!")

The gate swung open as by magic. Eight soldiers lowered their pikes half way, and made an arch, under which the victorious three marched in triumphant. The moment they had passed the pikes clashed together horizontally to bar the gateway, and all but pinned an abdominal citizen that sought to be of Gerard's company unbidden.

Once passed the guarded portal, a few steps brought the trio upon a scene of Oriental luxury. The court-yard was laid out in tables loaded with rich meats, and literally sowed and piled with gorgeous plate. Guests in rich and various costumes sat beneath a leafy canopy of fresh-cut branches fastened tastefully to golden, silver, and blue silken cords that traversed the area; and fruits of many hues, including some artificial ones of gold, silver, and wax, hung pendant, or peeped, like fair eyes, among the green leaves of plane-trees and lime-trees. The Duke's minstrels swept their lutes at intervals, and a fountain played red Burgundy in six jets that met and battled in the air. The evening sun darted its fires through those bright and purple wine spouts, making them jets and cascades of molten rubies, then passing on, tinged with the blood of the grape, shed crimson glories here and there on fair faces, snowy beards, velvet, satin, jeweled hilts, glowing gold, gleaming silver, and sparkling glass. Gerard and his friends stood dazzled, spell-bound. Presently a whisper buzzed round them, "Salute the Duke! Salute the Duke!" They looked up, and there on high, under the dais, was their sovereign, bidding them welcome with a kindly wave of the hand. The men bowed low, and Margaret courtesied with a deep and graceful obeisance. The Duke's hand being up he gave it another turn, and pointed the new-comers out to a knot of valets. Instantly seven of his people, with an obedient start, went headlong at our friends, seated them at a table, and put fifteen many-colored soups before them, in little silver bowls, and as many wines in crystal vases.

"Nay, father, do not let us eat until we have thanked our good friend," said Margaret, now first recovering from all this bustle.

"Girl, he is our guardian angel."

Gerard put his face into his hands.

"Tell me when you have done," said he, "and I will reappear and have my supper, for I am hungry. I know which of us three is the happiest at meeting again."

"Me?" inquired Margaret.

"No:" guess again.

"Father?"

"No."

"Then I have no idea which it can be;" and she gave a little crow of happiness and gayety. The

soup was tasted, and vanished in a twirl of fourteen hands, and fish came on the table in a dozen forms, with patties of lobster and almonds mixed, and of almonds and cream, and an immense variety of "brouets," known to us as "rissoles." The next trifle was a wild boar, which smelled divine. Why, then, did Margaret start away from it with two shrieks of dismay, and pinch so good a friend as Gerard? Because the Duke's "cuisinier" had been too clever; had made this excellent dish too captivating to the sight as well as taste. He had restored to the animal, by elaborate mimicry with burned sugar and other edible colors, the hair and bristles he had robbed him of by fire and water. To make him still more enticing, the huge tusks were carefully preserved in the brute's jaw, and gave his mouth that winning smile you may have noticed as a result of tusk in man or beast, and two eyes of colored sugar glowed in his head. St. Argus! what eyes! so bright, so blood-shot, so threatening—they followed a man and his every movement. But, indeed, I need the pencil of Leech or Grandville to make you see the two gilt valets on the opposite side of the table putting the monster down before our friends, with a smiling, self-satisfied, benevolent obsequiousness—for this ghastly monster was the flower of all comestibles; old Peter clasping both hands in pious admiration of it; Margaret wheeling round with horror-stricken eyes and her hand on Gerard's shoulder, squeaking and pinching; his face of foolish delight at being pinched, the grizzly brute glaring sulkily on all, and the guests grinning from ear to ear.

"What's to do?" shouted the Duke, hearing the signals of distress. Seven of his people with a zealous start went headlong and told him. He laughed, and said, "Give her of the beef-stuffing, then, and bring me Sir Boar." Benevolent monarch! The beef-stuffing was his own private dish. On these grand occasions an ox was roasted whole, and reserved for the poor. But this wise as well as charitable prince had discovered, that whatever venison, hares, lambs, poultry, etc., you skewered into that beef cavern got cooked to perfection, retaining their own juices and receiving those of the reeking ox. These he called his beef-stuffing, and took delight therein, as did now our trio; for at his word seven of his people went headlong, and drove silver tridents into the steaming cave at random, and speared a kid, a cygnet, and a flock of wild fowl. These presently smoked before Gerard and company, and Peter's face, profoundly sad and slightly morose at the loss of the savage hog, expanded and shone. After this, twenty different tarts of fruits and herbs, and last of all confectionery on a Titanic scale—cathedrals of sugar, all gilt and painted in the interstices of the bas-reliefs; castles, with their moats and ditches, imitated to the life; elephants, camels, toads; knights on horseback jousting; kings and princesses looking on; trumpeters blowing; and all these characters delicious eating, and their veins filled with sweet-scented juices—works of art made to be destroyed. The guests breached a bastion, crunched a crusader and his horse and lance, or cracked a bishop, cope, chasuble, crosier and all, as remorselessly as we do a carraway comfit; sipping, meanwhile, hypocras and other spiced drinks, and Greek and Corsican wines, while every now and then little Turkish boys, turbaned, spangled, jeweled, and gilt, came offering on bended knee golden troughs of rose-water and orange-water to keep the guests' hands cool and perfumed.

But long before our party arrived at this final stage appetite had succumbed, and one or two circumstances had occurred, apparently trifling. Gerard had suddenly remembered he was the bearer of a letter to the Princess Marie, and, in an under tone, had asked one of the servants if he would undertake to deliver it. The man took it with a deep obeisance: "He could not deliver it himself, but would instantly give it to one of the princess's suite, several of whom were about."

It may be remembered that Peter and Margaret came here not to dine, but to find their cousin. Well, the old gentleman ate heartily, and being much fatigued dropped asleep, and forgot all about his cousin. Margaret did not remind him; we shall hear why.

Meantime their cousin, William Johnson, alderman of Rotterdam, was seated within a few feet of them, at their backs, and discovered them when Margaret turned round and screamed at the boar. But he did not speak to them, for the following reason. Margaret was very plainly dressed, and Peter inclined to thread-bare. So the alderman said:

"'Twill be time to make up to them when the sun sets and the company disperses; then I will take my poor relations to my house, and none will be the wiser."

Half the courses were lost on Gerard and Margaret. They were no great eaters, and just now were feeding on sweet thoughts that have ever been unfavorable to appetite. And it was a relief to them when the dessert came and the valets retired a few steps, and they could talk without being overheard. But there is a delicate kind of sensuality, to whose influence these two were perhaps more sensitive than any other pair in that assembly—the delights of color, music, and perfume, all of which blended so fascinatingly here.

Margaret leaned back and half closed her eyes, and murmured to Gerard, "What a lovely scene! the warm sun, the green shade, the rich dresses, the bright music of the lutes, and the cool music of the fountain, and all faces so happy and gay! and it is to you we owe it."

Gerard was silent.

"Now, don't speak to me," said Margaret, languidly, "let me listen to the fountain: what are you a competitor for?"

He told her.

"Very well! You will gain one prize, at least,"

"Which? which? have you seen any of my work?"

"I? no. But you will gain a prize."

"I hope so: but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Don't speak," murmured Margaret. "They say this is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! that is all a silly old song," explained Gerard. "'Tis a by-word our elders keep repeating out of custom—it is not true."

"How can you know? you are but a child," said Margaret, with pensive dignity.

"Why, only look round! And then I thought I had lost you—forever; and you are by my side: and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Stuff and nonsense!"

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"You know my name? How is that?"

"White magic. I am a witch."

"Angels are never witches. But I can't think how you—"

"Foolish boy! was it not cried at the gate loud enough to deave one?"

"So it was. Where is my head? What do I admire most? If you will sit a little more that way I'll tell you."

"This way?"

"Yes! so that the light may fall on you. There. I see many beautiful things here, more beautiful than I could have conceived; but the finest of all, to my eye, is your lovely hair in its silver frame, and the setting sun kissing it. It minds me of what the Vulgate praises for beauty, '*An apple of gold in a net-work of silver*,' and oh, what a pity I did not know you before I sent in my poor efforts at illuminating! I could illuminate so much better now. I could do every thing better. There, now the sun is full on it, it is like an aureole. So our Lady looked, and none since her until to-day."

"Oh fie! it is wicked to talk so. Compare a poor, coarse-favored girl like me with the Queen of Heaven? Oh, Gerard! I thought you were a good young man."

"So I am. But I can't help having eyes—and a heart—Margaret."

"Gerard?"

"Don't be angry!"

"Now, is it likely?"

"I love you."

"Oh for shame! you must not say that to me."

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. Oh, how one may be mistaken! If I had known you were so bold—" And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked toward her sleeping father, very much like a timid thing that meditates actual flight.

Then Gerard was frightened at the alarm he caused. "Forgive me," said he, imploringly. "How could any one help loving you!"

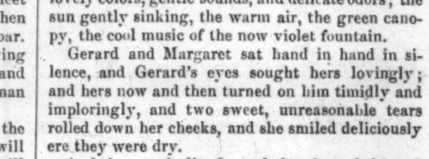
"Well, Sir, I will *try* and forgive you—you are so good in other respects; but then you must promise never to say you—to say *that* again."

"Give me your hand, then, or you don't forgive me."

She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly. He took it, and held it prisoner. When she thought it had been there long enough, she tried gently to draw it away. He held it tight: it submitted quite patiently to force. What *is* the use resisting force? She turned her head away, and her long eyelashes drooped sweetly. Gerard lost nothing by his promise. Words were not needed here: and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is in ours; but manners were somewhat freer. Then, as now, virgins drew back alarmed at the first words of love; but of prudery and artificial coquetry there was little, and the young soon read one another's hearts. Every thing was in Gerard's favor: his good looks, her belief in his goodness, her gratitude; and, at the Duke's banquet this mellow summer eve, all things disposed the female nature to tenderness; the avenues to the heart lay open; the senses were so soothed and subdued with lovely colors, gentle sounds, and delicate odors; the sun gently sinking, the warm air, the green canopy, the cool music of the new violet fountain.

Gerard and Margaret sat hand in hand in silence, and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly; and hers now and then turned on him timidly and imploringly, and two sweet, unreasonable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously ere they were dry.

And the sun declined; and the air cooled; and the fountain plashed more gently; and the pair throbbed in unison and silence, and this weary world was heaven to them.



A grave, white-haired seneschal came to the table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Gerardssoen was of their company. Upon Gerard's answer, he said,

"The Princess Marie would confer with you, young Sir; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp round, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Margaret, calmly, but coloring a little.

"That will you," was the reply; then he whis-

pered in her ear, "This is my good princess, but you are my queen." He added aloud, "Wait for me, I pray you; I will presently return."

"Ay, ay!" said Peter, who had just awoke.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the princess sent for, became "the cynosure of neighboring eyes;" observing which, William Johnson came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations.

"And to think that there was I at your backs, and you saw me not."

"Pardon me, Cousin Johnson, I saw you long since," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me?"

"Nay, cousin, it was for you to welcome us to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Sevenbergen. Your servant denied us a seat in your house."

"The idiot!"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was 'like maid like master:' for there is sooth in by-words."

William Johnson blushed purple. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances—trusted to deeds, not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.

"Who doubts it, cousin? Who doubts it?" said the scholar.

Margaret thanked him graciously, but demurred to go just now: said she wanted to hear the minstrels again. In about a quarter of an hour Johnson renewed his proposal, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real reason came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend, and he will lose us. He knows not where we lodge in Rotterdam, and the city is large, and we have parted company once already."

"Oh!" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man—ahem! I mean my secretary—shall sit here and wait, and bring him on to my house. He shall lodge with me, and with no other."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, nay; you shall see whether you are welcome or not—you and your friends, and your friend's friends, if need be; and I shall hear what the princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her; then she had a slight misgiving.

"But if your young man should be thoughtless, and go play, and Gerard miss him—"

"He go play? He leave the spot where I put him and bid him stay? Ho! Stand forth, Hans Cloterman!"

A figure clad in black serge and dark violet hose got up and took two steps, and stood before them, without moving a muscle—a solemn, precise young man, the very statue of gravity and starched propriety. At his aspect Margaret, being very happy, could hardly keep her countenance. But she whispered Johnson:

"I would put my hand in the fire for him! We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Ooster-Waagen Straet. He replied, not in words, but by calmly taking the seat indicated; and Margaret and Peter went with William Johnson.

"And, indeed, it is time you were abed, father, after all your travel," said Margaret. This had been in her mind all along.

Hans Cloterman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and business-like. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnson did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary leaving his post or neglecting his duty in pursuit of sport, or out of youthful hilarity and frivolity.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans—his employer's eye being no longer on him—"*tandem custode remoto*," improved the time by quaffing solemnly, silently, and at short but accurately-measured intervals, goblets of Corsican wine. The wine was strong, so was Cloterman's head; and it was not until Gerard had been gone a good hour the model secretary had imbibed the notion that creation expected of Cloterman to drink the health of all good fellows, and "*nommément*" of the Duke of Burgundy, there present. With this view he filled bumper nine, and rose gingerly, but solemnly and slowly. Having reached his full height, he instantly rolled upon the grass, goblet in hand, spilling the cold liquor on many an ankle, but not disturbing a muscle in his own long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, primness, and infallibility.

ONE YEAR OF MY LIFE.

You can not know Loreah—you can not know her as I knew her. What though, in phrase of story-writers, I say she has golden hair, a blue eye, and perfect form; what if I say her voice was like the lark's at dawn, or the sighing of the summer wind through dancing ferns, and her step as free and graceful as any beautiful thing on earth; these can not, although I swear with most perfect fervor, bring to your mind any thing more than a mere vague outline of that image which dwells forever in my soul.

While yet a novice in the art of mechanism I went to live with the mother of her whom my heart loveth, next to God, to bow down and do homage to. So it was that, one day upon my travels, seeking, like the German *handwercks-burschen*, a place to advance myself in my trade, and rest for the body as well, it happened that, strolling up and down the street listlessly, I saw, looking out at some passing soldiers, a mild and placid face, so calm and benevolent in its expression that I instinctively drew near to her, asking that for which I sought.

As if satisfied with her examination of me, she said, "I don't know where you came from, or whom you are, young man, but you look honest, and I am rarely deceived in my speculations. If you are pleased to take up with our accommodations, you are welcome to abide with us as long as you stay in town. Bring, therefore, your luggage this evening, and I will have a room ready for you, where you can be alone;" and then she took the handle of the door in her hand, and I bowed myself out.

With a light heart I flew away back to the hotel, which but a little while ago had seemed so dull and gloomy to me, and with the decline of day I once more found myself knocking at her door for admittance.

It was the summer when I first became an inmate of her house; and summer it was, not only in the air and in the waving branches and in the breasts of the little birds that came chirping and singing about the door, but in all our hearts, for a kind and tender regard for each other's feelings bred a sweet and goodly crop of all the virtues which make life fair and pleasant. And well I remember one heavenly day in the season, when it seemed as though it were a leaf torn out of the book of Paradise—I well remember how Loreah dawned upon me. It was at breakfast time, and I sat late. She came in from some distant friends she had been visiting, radiant with youth and health, and with the glad flush of joy at once more being at home. (Ah! how much these four words say!)

My hostess, the Lady Bountiful, turned to me and said,

"It is my daughter."

And to this daughter I bowed low.

I am not going to enter into any analysis of that passion which cometh, like the rain from heaven, upon the just and the unjust. I am not going to weary you, or any one else, by a rhapsody about sensations which no man or human being ever put down on paper. But I tell you, simply and plainly, that from the time Lady Bountiful said "It is my daughter"—from that time I loved Loreah.

Our daily life passed smoothly and easily on. As for me, through what pearly gates did I not look out into the west of my life! Did I not stand at the golden gate and look through the ivory one of dreams to the time when Loreah and I might walk along the meads and by sweet waters, one and indivisible?

I was so taken up with the contemplation of my happiness in prospective, that I altogether omitted to notice Harvey Boynton, who came from a distant town to see us—*Us!*

One evening she decorated the little parlor with additional flowers; she looped the clean long curtains with festoons of them, and made garlands to hang over the picture-frames, shedding their incense over all. It must be a feast that was to take place? A party, maybe, where we should all dance and be merry—was it?

Yes, a party, and but a single party. That was Harvey Boynton. These preparations and decorations had been all for him; this was his welcome from the heart of Loreah.

Oh! my castle; oh! my fabric floating on the clouds, and as airy and unsubstantial as they! Alas! the flowers had undermined and sent it toppling in ruins upon my heart. I wonder it did not crush me. Had it not been made of sterner and more elastic stuff than even I knew of, it had broken when *he* came!

I sat upon the stair and listened to the echoes, low and sad, that came up out of the ruins of my hopes; and then, when they had gone out and sought their several beds, I went again into the room of sacrifice and sat out the night, waiting to see the king of glory come in the east, with all his retinue of cloud and sword of flame.

For I laughed long and loud when the thought came to me that Loreah should so long grow up in comeliness and the possession of all the virtues, and no hand reach forth to pluck the flower of her love; as if others were blind to beauties which I saw. When I saw Harvey Boynton I knew that the estimate I had placed upon her heart was true; so I meekly closed the door of that cloister which had been opened and so perfumed with the memory of her love, and sat me down in peace and quietness.

But then, Harvey Boynton! Something there was in the speaking of his eye that, to one observant, was not pleasant.

Lady Bountiful adored Harvey Boynton. She even patted him on the cheek when he came (for her age gave her warrant to do so, and he had a fair cheek, had Harvey), and called him "her boy," and "her son;" while I sat at the burning of my house and home without strength or power to quench the flame.

But when I saw the twinkling of Harvey Boynton's eye, I watched him as I never watched man before. I dogged his footsteps; I followed in his haunts; I marked his associates; I gave the joke and jest with them; I drank from the glass at their feast; just as a policeman seeking a thief puts on the garb and outward show of him whom he seeks to catch: so I walked in the footsteps, and made myself acquainted with the habits which made the character of Harvey Boynton—he who would be the husband of Loreah—and while I watched I found out all.

Harvey Boynton was the companion of dissipaters, of libertines, and the outcasts of the world.

And here he dared bring his rotten heart and principles—if, indeed, one can speak of such a thing—into the presence of Loreah and Lady Bountiful! I laid a train for Harvey Boynton which should explode when he least looked for it. *Mark me!* had he possessed but the least spark of honor or manly worth, I would have sooner died than have laid a straw in his way; but he, who came with a mask of frankness into the society of our family, who knew little of his character, should never have or hold the heart of Loreah.

I have said that Harvey Boynton lived in a distant town, and so he did; and it was not alone to see his betrothed that he came to Wyndon. He had boon companions there with whom he rioted, with whom he struck the hand in friendship and became surety for.

It was late one night when Loreah and I were wending our way home from the bedside of her cousin, who lay at the Gate of Eternal Life with a fever. Harvey was making his usual visit to us, and had but a few hours since quitted her presence.

With sad hearts we took our way home, filled with the memory of the faith and hope expressed by her relative but a moment before, and looking instinctively toward the calm blackness above, pierced with a myriad points, which, to our minds, seemed to let through the glory which abides alway in heaven. We were thus peacefully walking, when from out the "Washington Hotel" there burst, a few yards in advance, a party of roysterers, who made the night echo with their noise, and, prominent above all, there came a maudlin, drunken voice we knew too well, singing the refrain,

> "At the battle of the Nile,
> I was there all the while," etc.

I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, for she stopped a moment at hearing that voice of all others in such tones. She stopped and listened intently. It was he, beyond question; and with a hideous noise and uproar they went on with their stupid and brutal merriment.

Recovering herself, she went steadily on, never turning to one side—never fearing, even in this frightful state, the poor misguided wretches. Close to her side I went with her, and as we neared them, they, hearing footsteps approach, drew to one side to see us pass.

Not yet content with his mischief, *he* came forward, and shouting out, "A petticoat! a petticoat!" he seized Loreah by the sleeve and pulled her under the gaslight.

She never resisted or struggled to get away, but drawing back her vail, said, calmly,

"Let me go, Harvey Boynton!"

Poor Harvey! Even with the instinct in my heart and the power in my arm to fell him to the pavement, I could not but pity him in the utter desolation and blankness which his face shadowed out. Sobered and restored by this unexpected rencontre, and detected in the midst of his baseness by her whom he had so deceived, he let go the arm he had arrested, and pulling his hat over his eyes, he slunk away silently into the shadows of the night. So he had bowed himself, and the pillars came together, and the roof fell in, and buried him in the ruins of his own treachery!

Pity for Loreah—pity from all sweet-hearts that love virtue, that encourage truth and candor, with smiles and good examples, to continue their admonitions! Pity for her who had seen the ground tremble, the walls shake, the edifice totter, and the whole fabric lie crushed upon the earth! And sing again a song of triumph for the brave heart of my dear girl, who steadily bore back against the tide that threatened to overflow and bear her out to the broad sea of devastation and utter despair! For with a sweet resignation, as from a heart that knew no bitterness, she went about her duty as if no shadow had folded its gloomy wings and settled on her heart. And Lady Bountiful, noting that her usual calmness had returned to her, gave over her anxiety, and was the dear, lovely old mother again.

But the shadow of Harvey Boynton still struck me desolate when I thought of his engagement. I knew too well the principle which filled her breast to doubt that happiness could ever come to me until it was broken. I knew that in her extreme sense of honor and uprightness she would never break faith with him, any more than she would ever speak to or recognize him again. So I sat down, as it were, in the gate of my heart, and looked up and down the long, dusty road of hope for some courier who should bring me glad tidings. And while I watched there came another and a different message from my employers—that I should go to Washington upon their business. Pleased with the prospect and hope of advancement, and glad of relief from thought and hopes that were beginning to oppress me, I willingly took leave of Lady Bountiful and Loreah for a time, and was on my way.

In the month of February I set out. I pursued my way without incident, finished my business, and was returning home again. Chance delayed me at Whaleport beyond my expectations. Impatient at being delayed, I sauntered slowly around the place, endeavoring to while away the few hours left me before departure. Through the windows of a bar-room I saw, to my utter surprise, no less a man than Harvey Boynton. No sooner had my eyes rested on him than, despite my personal feelings at entering such a place, I was determined to speak with him. So I went in and sat down, watching him. He was, to be sure, greatly altered. Continued abandonment to an evil life had greatly changed the man from his former self. His eye was bright and glowing, but with the inspiration of drinking and the chances of the game. He was well-dressed, and seemed beyond want; but I could not see him there, wasting his life and hopes away, without one friendly admonition, even should I be repulsed; and I was the more moved to this when I saw him impatiently throw down his "cue" and move sullenly away, while his adversary raked up the stakes, and the marker put up the bait for another fool. I touched him on the shoulder, for all this time he had not noticed me.

"Harvey," I said, "how do you do?"

He drew back a little, as though he would avoid me.

"There is no issue between you and me, and we may be friends. I have not followed you, nor been dogging you; accident alone has brought us together again. And since I have been witness of your misfortune, for the sake of old remembrances I could not but offer you sympathy."

I waited when I said "old remembrances." He gave a little sneer and a scarcely perceptible lifting of the heavy, dyed mustache that covered his lip.

"Remembrances!" said he. "I have none. Don't speak to me of them—rather of the future, but not of the past. I lead this life—it is one of flights and falls—it is excitement—it is despair. I drink these red poisons they deal out here—drive these balls around, and bet upon them when I am able, and win or lose, as the luck may be. I am sometimes starving, sometimes full; but tied to the wheel of chance, I must roll wherever it goes—now up, now down."

"Do but break—"

"Hark you! My choice is made. I am no going to tell you what has brought me to this, for it is no fault of any one but myself. You can read it in the novels—in any of the tales. Foolish companions—taking to drink, which was to make me manly—late hours, weak conscience, and the end—not yet!"

"It is not too late, however, to turn back upon the road you go," I said. "Surely, in some distant place, you can retrieve your errors. Be not utterly lost."

He heard me out, but with great impatience.

"I have read when at school," said he, "in the Good Book, 'It is better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps than a fool in his folly.' I am set in my way. I have forgotten all my better life, and will not turn back. Hope is dead within me, and principle too. I will not add hypocrisy to my list of errors. I will not pretend to a goodness I feel can not exist. Is he not a fool who gilds a worthless box, and strives by varnish to cover the poverty and coarseness of the wood? No, let me go. Hope is dead, and would that I were too!"

I had no time to lose, so I bade him farewell, hoping against hope that he might yet reform.

Through all our speech he made no mention or gave any hint about Loreah.

I took the cars again for the ride home to Wyndon. It was a lowering, drizzly day in winter, when the clouds hung sullenly over the earth, and seemed anxious to shut out all sight of heaven from man. The rain came down so silently and still, with so steady a persistence, that it seemed to chill me to the heart; and the gloomy landscape and the hanging clouds struck darkly upon the earth. So filled was I with a nameless anxiety that I sought at the first station permission of the engineer to ride with him; hoping, by the quick circulation of the air and the old familiar sounds, to awaken something like cheerfulness in my breast. So I got on; and with a screech, and a scream, and a clanging of the bell, and many hoarse puffs, the quick whirling of the wheels where the ice had formed upon the track, we set out again—jar, jar, over the frozen road—puff, puff, between the rocky cuts in the road, where the quick succeeding exhausts of the engine came in rapid succession to our ears. The whistle of the water as it came from the boiler—the untiring and uniform strokes—the bright rods cased in ice—the dear old remembered operations—all, all were there; and I felt as a sailor feels when he gets once more upon the sea! So we journeyed on, the engineer always with his hand on the throttle, or near it; and his eye looking out of the glass windows in front—I looking over his shoulder from the force of custom.

Suddenly we saw a young fellow step out from among the alder bushes which lined the road. He waited until we got within two cars' length of him. Great God! it was Harvey Boynton signaling to us! There must be some danger near! Screech went the whistle, and jam down hard went the brakes; slap shut went the throttle—but all too late! Smilingly he took off his cap and waved it at us; and then, with the quickness of thought, laid his head over the rail, with the pale face and the mute eyes looking steadfastly toward God! All too late!

Instinctively I drew myself up, that I might not feel the "thud" and jolt which must ensue. Crash, crash went the iron wheel remorselessly through the tender sinews, as if they were not living, palpitating, human flesh!

Quickly we backed up again, lest life might not yet be extinct; but alas! he had done his work too well! He never flinched when the train approached, and it all ran over him. There he lay, by the side of the track, a poor shattered thing!

Dead by his own act!

Dead and ghastly, with the mute eyes looking appealingly to Heaven, and the winter rain beating silently upon it, and already purifying it with a mask of ice; the limbs mangled and torn as rags shaking in the wind. A bleeding and a useless wreck—a very emblem of nothing, that was so late a man—rent, and so completely disguised that it would have been difficult to say what name to call it.

Here was the billiard cue which his hand had brought to steady him; here it lay tight clutched in his hand—inseparable in death as in life; the badge and emblem of his destruction, clinging to him even in death.

I learned afterward that he was on his way to Boston to play at his favorite game, but that not having the money for his fare he was put off at the place where we met him. The rest is already told. Despair, working upon a heart cast down by the day, his own thoughts led him to take his own life in the manner described. . . . . . Why do I delay? My story is all but told. It is enough for me to know that He has blessed me far above my hopes and deserts. Respecting the dead as we do for the memory of his virtues, and forgetting his faults, we have caused the proper observances to be placed over him.

Lady Bountiful lives with us, and hastened the union which she saw our hearts had already formed. Many summers have gone since the scene narrated, but with each succeeding one the air seems brighter and sweeter. The birds pipe more melodiously, and newer and gayer flowers, with sweeter scents than before, blossom in the air. Surely our hearts should be full toward Him for the mercy and long-suffering he hath shown—for the blessings He hath showered on us,

HOW THE TURCOS FIGHT—BATTLE AT SOLFERINO.

DREAMING BY DAYLIGHT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLII.

SYMPTOMS.

As Lawrence Newt sat in his office and looked at the ships and the river there was still the same soft light in his eye, but his mind beheld other images than formerly. The scene was no longer exclusively Eastern, under palm-trees and by a rushing river, with strange snowy mountains beyond, and the magical air of pathetic romance steeping all. It was more familiar now—not banishing the other, but keeping it as a dear, distant back-ground over which every day the mists stole more tenderly.

Lawrence Newt had many a wondering conversation with himself. He called himself humorously to account very often. Frequently, as he moved his chair back from his table when his work was done, and he abandoned himself to the stream of his fancies, he smiled and said, inwardly, "Hallo, Lawrence Newt! What, in the name of consistency, do you mean, Sir?"

Then, with a face still half smiling, he lapsed into reverie again, and his eyes grew so tender that it was clear he was thinking of a woman.

He was not afraid of himself. He scorned nothing more than an unreal consistency. He cockered no feeling of any kind: being very sure that an emotion that could not flourish without fondling had better not flourish at all. Of course he was often surprised by himself—by the development of his own affections and sympathies, and he laughed at himself as at another person when some delicate and vital change took place.

"After all I can only be myself," thought he, smilingly. "Do what I will I can not very easily deceive two spectators—my Maker and myself."

For some reason Lawrence Newt was especially friendly with little Miss Ellen Bennet. Ever since the evening at the Bennets during which, although constantly engaged in conversation with Gabriel's father and mother, he had contrived to see how intimate Amy Waring was with her young cousins, and how, as it were, they hid together among the roses, he had called often at the house, and was no less welcome to Gabriel and his sister than to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.

Simultaneously with this habit of his, Amy Waring was constantly coming to Aunt Bennet's. She had new books to discuss with Uncle Bennet, and, as he was engaged during business hours with his duties as a book-keeper in Mr. Van Boozenberg's bank, it was necessary that she should come round toward evening. So that it sometimes chanced that Mr. Lawrence Newt—who, by a singular coincidence, being a business man also, was engaged during the same hours as Mr. Bennet—happened in upon the quiet little circle, and then, some lively conversation arising, during which the sun set, and the evening darkened, and it was really quite late—then it suddenly occurred to Amy that mamma would be anxious—she had no idea it was so late—she was very sorry—however, Gabriel will go home with me.

But Gabriel did not go home with her, for Lawrence Newt always happened to be going that way, and declared that it would be quite as easy for him to take care of Miss Amy as of himself, and certainly much pleasanter. Upon which there was quite an absurd degree of blushing and bowing and little ringing exclamation, and general bustling and laughing and chatting, which always ended in the departure of Amy Waring and Lawrence Newt together.

"You see, my dear Miss Amy, it is directly upon my way home, and therefore it is no trouble—not the least trouble."

She knew his eyes were twinkling as he said this, although she could not see them, and she always thought of light, airy, humorous replies that might be made, but she never made them; but walked along very peacefully, very contentedly, and said only "Thank you," or "Yes, I know," or other little some-things that were not very airy nor humorous, but which sounded singularly musical to the heart of Lawrence Newt, who often said—for there was a great family likeness in these little evening promenades—

"Suppose it were a trouble, what then? I should go home with you all the same."

Amy Waring had the reputation of a wit among her friends. The young men especially were a little afraid of her, and Lawrence Newt often heard them speaking of her clever repartees, and expressing the comprehensive opinion that she was "the brightest girl in New York, and so good!"

But Mr. Newt never discovered the wit in his intercourse with her. At first, indeed, she had been very spirited when they met, and now it was always with the same spring sweetness in her face, as of blossoms and singing birds. But of late there was more silence and half constraint, or, rather, as Amy persisted in stating it to herself, he was so much her senior, so much wiser, so much better than she, that it was her place to listen to him; and she did listen with a kind of charmed satisfaction that made the beauty of her face in contented repose even lovelier than when it was beaming with the animation of speaking.

Besides, he is born to be a bachelor, thought she, and we ought to be kind to those who will never have any body to love them.

Oh! what colors deepened in her face as she corrected to herself the remark which only herself had heard, and how she involuntarily bent her head, as she thought—"I mean who will never love any body."

One evening at Mr. Bennet's the conversation gradually shifted through a variety of topics, not holding any of them very long, until Ellen, who was reading, suddenly exclaimed, with indignation, "Oh dear me, it's too bad!"

"What is that, Ellen?" asked her mother.

"Why mother, here is Lord Ronald, in the adventures of Lord Ronald, you know, who has married Lady Blanche after all. It's too bad! I wish people wouldn't do so, or else that people who write books wouldn't tell about it."

"And why shouldn't Lord Ronald marry Lady Blanche, Ellen?" asked Lawrence Newt, with a smile.

"Why, because, you know, he was in love with Lady Mildred."

"Well, and what has become of Lady Mildred?"

"Oh! she died long ago, you know."

"Then surely Lord Ronald couldn't marry her."

"Yes, I know, but people ought to be true to their first loves."

Ellen went on reading, and a curious silence followed. Mrs. Bennet was knitting, and Amy Waring was working at some kind of purse; Mr. Bennet sat on the sofa, smiling vaguely as his daughter spoke; Lawrence Newt and Gabriel were seated near each other, and had been talking with the ladies.

The girl had retired again into the dreamland from which she had emerged so suddenly and indignantly, and she seemed to have carried every body with her. Mr. Newt sat bodily in his chair—that was all—Mr. Bennet was half bowing, with dreamy eyes and an aspect of unusual humility. His wife, as she knitted busily, blushed, and Amy Waring counted her stitches with a pertinacity that showed her mind to be very far away from the thread of her work. Gabriel thought ruefully of Hope Wayne, and it was Gabriel who broke the silence.

"No," said he, "a man never loves but once."

He said this with such a pitiful air, with such a fell resolution in his mind of never being comforted for the tragedy of which he represented himself to himself as the victim, that the whole party lifted their eyes and looked at him, and all laughed together as they saw his smooth, candid, boyish face on which the history of life was yet to be written.

Gabriel laughed too, but still ruefully. His remembrance of Hope Wayne was the minor key on which he loved to play his thoughts like melodies, and in his softer hours believe that he should never be happy again.

"Oh, mother, you think we boys feel nothing. But I assure you there was a boy at our school who was in love with a girl who preferred somebody else, and I don't believe he will ever get over it."

Meaning himself, of course. Already a poet, and serving up his own heart as a morsel for the romantic appetites of his friends.

"Gabriel," said Lawrence Newt, after looking at the boy kindly for some time, "when I last came home from India I passed through Europe and stopped at all the famous cities. I saw the great works of all the great men, the painters, the architects, the sculptors. One day I hope you will see them, and read them, for they are the best kind of history. Well, one morning in Venice I went in my gondola to a distant, solitary street, and in a little corner of an old palace, crumbling and deserted, except by two or three poor retainers of the family, I was shown a picture which the family, reduced to the last straits, were willing to sell. It was called a King of Thrace—nothing else, and was declared to be a master-piece of Giorgione's, one of the grand old Venetian painters—a picture which an ancestor of the family had bought of the painter, and which had never hung any where but in this palace. The King was an old man, with a face as calm and beautiful as the face of Elijah may have been when he was translated. He had a son and daughter on each side, and a look of paternal dignity which is indescribable. It seemed to me a portrait of one of the noblest of human beings, and I bought the picture. It wanted cleaning, and I took it to the cleaner. Now what do you think? The cleaner rubbed and rubbed until the King of Thrace disappeared, and underneath, upon the same canvas, there was a figure of Saint Sebastian pierced with arrows. But it was a sadly inferior work, and I left it behind."

Lawrence Newt stopped, and all the company looked as if they expected to hear something more. Gabriel said only, "Well, Sir."

"Several pictures may be painted upon the same canvas, you see, and the new may be more beautiful than the old, yet without destroying it. I am older than you, and I know many a boy who took leave of hope when he lost his first love." Here Lawrence Newt stopped, and Gabriel looked shocked, as if he suspected him of punning. After a moment Mr. Newt continued: "But the love of a man is not the love of a boy; and the man may remember that earlier love without shame, even while he tells the new."

The latter part of what he said did not seem to be especially addressed to Gabriel, nor to any one. It sounded only like a general confession of faith. No one replied, and Lawrence Newt continued:

"A man's heart is a palimpsest. A new Scripture may supersede the old, and be as much better as it is fresher."

He smiled as he said these last words.

"God knows, much better!" said Mr. Bennet, after a few moments, without stammering—this time without smiling, and with his head bowed reverently toward his wife.

Amy Waring was knitting with a close attention that was most edifying. She bent so far over her work that nobody could see her face. She was thinking what a pity it was that a man like Mr. Newt was born to be a bachelor. Suddenly she remembered how late it was—and, in fine, Mr. Newt strolled home with her. He talked of his travels, and joked, and gossiped, without the remotest allusion to the human heart as a palimpsest, or the telling of new loves while you remember the old. He imparted to Amy his theory of the Venus of Milo, concluding by saying:

"That's only my opinion. I believe the critics are against me. But I like to speculate about all these things."

So if Amy Waring had been trying to extract any evidence from what he had said that he was speaking from experience, she felt that her pains were lost. He speculates upon statues, thought she, and upon human hearts and lives, and upon every thing else. It is natural, because he has no warm and near ties. But what a pity! what a pity!

It did not require any very profound sagacity in Lawrence Newt to know the general tenor of Amy Waring's thoughts. If she could have heard what he was saying to himself, she would have understood that he did not mean to help any body to like him or to dislike him by any revelation of experience. Love-experience is always interesting to girls, thought he; it predisposes them in favor of a man. No, thank you! If my Giorgiones are to be taken, let it be for their own value, not for the curiosity or interest of some picture underneath. Not that any body wants my Giorgiones. No; and if they did, not that I would sell! Not at all.

He fell off into such an abyss of dreams that he and Amy walked on without another word.

Lawrence Newt had long ago looked upon himself as a man who was not very likely to marry. Life was pleasant to him, as it often is to successful men. He enjoyed the sharp contact of busy merchants—the great human fleet, he said, of which their ships are only the outward image—each one sailing as close to the wind as he can or dares. He sailed too: the snowy sails of his East Indiamen not whiter than his soul. Lawrence Newt lost more fortunes by his chivalric honesty than he won by his superior intelligence.

He enjoyed, too, the society that he met after that of business. "We change our clothes all through," said he, chatting with Arthur Merlin. "I meet old Van Boozenberg in another shirt, and his wife and the neighbors in their best clothes. Change the clothes, but not the body. Change the name, but not the game. We are not playing draughts any longer, but checkers. It isn't Wall Street, you think. Shut your eyes, and see. How droll it is—if you really want to see in this world, you must shut your eyes! But, Arthur, that is a small part of society. One girl like Amy Waring or Hope Wayne—one family like the Bennets—overbears the ill impression of ten thousand hollow hearts and homes. A wise man, it seems to me, takes people as they come, as he does the weather. Hot as it may be, we are never burned up. Cold as it may be, most of us are never frozen; and so, however wet, there is never a deluge."

He found gradually that he must call himself to very strict account in regard to his relations with Amy Waring. Good Heavens! if she should be the King of Thrace painted over the Saint Sebastian! In one thing it would differ, thought he; it couldn't be very easily rubbed out.

He was frightened to find himself thinking so; and even now, as he walked by her side, the portrait in the solemn library of Pinewood stole into his memory—those soft dark eyes seemed to look into his—and his own looked tenderly but calmly back again upon them, as if he were gazing through them down into his own soul. Those eyes had no reproof for him as he looked, and that frightened him all the more.

"Lawrence Newt," said he to himself, "you don't mean to say—"

He finished the question with a laugh, as if it were entirely unnecessary for him to hear the point of it in order to understand how exquisitely ludicrous it was.

"Why not?" was the grave reply which he heard himself giving to himself, in quite another strain.

"No, no, no, no! It isn't worth discussing," said he, in the first strain.

Then he laughed a good honest laugh at himself for trying to bamboozle himself.

For it had all grown up so unconsciously. When did Friendship—you know—pass into—into—you know? inquired he of himself. How could it, you know?"

He answered himself as cunningly: When did the peach blossom pass into the peach? How could it, you know? The one a flower, and the other a fruit, you know. It couldn't do it, you know.

He was not unmindful of the difference of age between Amy Waring and himself; and instinctively he did nothing which could show to others that he felt more for her than for a friend. Younger men, who could not help feeling the charm of her presence, never complained of him. He was never "that infernal old bore, Lawrence Newt," to them. More than one of them in the ardor of young feeling had confided his passion to Lawrence, who said to him, bravely,

A SEARCH FOR ENDYMION.

"My dear fellow, I do not wonder you feel so. God speed you—and so will I, all I can."

And he did so. He mentioned the candidate kindly to Miss Waring. He repeated little anecdotes that he had heard to his advantage. Lawrence regarded the poor suitor as a painter does a picture. He took him up in the arms of his charity and moved him round and round. He put him upon his sympathy as upon an easel, and turned on the kindly lights and judiciously darkened the apartment.

His generosity was chivalric, but it was unavailing. Beautiful flowers arrived from the worshiping youths. They were so lovely, so fragrant! What taste that young Hal Battlebury has! remarks Lawrence Newt, admiringly, as he smells the flowers that stand in a pretty vase upon the centre table. Amy Waring smiles, and says that it is Thorburn's taste, of whom Mr. Battlebury buys the flowers. Mr. Newt replies that it is at least very thoughtful in him. A young lady can not but feel kindly, surely, toward young men who express their good feeling in the form of flowers. Then he dexterously leads the conversation into some other channel. He will not harm the cause of poor Mr. Battlebury by persisting in speaking of him and his bouquets, when that persistence will evidently render the subject a little tedious.

Poor Mr. Hal Battlebury, who, could he only survey the Waring mansion from the lower floor to the roof, would behold his handsome flowers that came on Wednesday withering in cold ceremony upon the parlor-table—passion frozen into politeness—and in Amy Waring's bureau-drawer would see the little book she received from "her friend Lawrence Newt" treasured like a priceless pearl, with a pressed rose laid upon the leaf where her name and his are written together—a rose which Lawrence Newt playfully stole one evening from one of the ceremonious bouquets pining under its polite reception, and said gayly, as he took leave, "Let this keep my memory fragrant till I return."

But it was a singular fact that when one of those baskets without a card, of which we have spoken, arrived at the house, it was not left in superb solitary state upon the centre table in the parlor, but bloomed as long as care could coax it in the strict seclusion of Miss Waring's own chamber, and then some choicest flower was selected to be pressed and preserved somewhere in the depths of the bureau.

Oh! could the bureau drawers give up their treasures, would any human being longer seem to be cold? would any maiden, young or old, appear a voluntary spinster, or any unmarried octogenarian at heart a bachelor?

Lawrence Newt had watched with the warmest sympathy the rapid development of the friendship between Amy Waring and Hope Wayne. He aided it in every way. He called in the assistance of Arthur Merlin, who was in some doubt whether his devotion to his art would allow him to desert it for a moment. But as the doubt only lasted while Lawrence Newt was unfolding a plan he had of reading books aloud with the ladies—and—in fact, a great many other praiseworthy plans which all implied a constant meeting with Miss Waring and Miss Wayne, Mr. Merlin did not delay his co-operation in all Mr. Newt's efforts.

And so they met at Amy Waring's house very often and pretended to read, and really did read, several books together aloud. The more Arthur Merlin saw of Hope Wayne the more delighted he was to think how impossible it was for him, in view of his profound devotion to his art, to think of beautiful women in any other light than that of picturesque subjects.

"Really, Mr. Newt," Arthur said to him one evening as they were dining together at Delmonico's—it was in the old building in William Street—"if I were to paint a picture of Diana, when she loved Endymion—a picture, by-the-by, which I intend to paint—I should want to ask Miss Wayne to sit to me for the principal figure. It is really remarkable what a subdued splendor there is about her—Diana blushing, you know, as it were—the moon delicately vailed in cloud. It would be superb, I assure you."

Lawrence Newt smiled—he often smiled—as he wiped his mouth, and asked,

"Who would you ask to sit for Endymion?"

"Well, let me see," replied Arthur, cheerfully, and pondering as if to think who was exactly the man. It was really beautiful to see his exclusive enthusiasm for his art. "Let me see. How would it do to paint an ideal figure for Endymion?"

"No, no," said Lawrence Newt, laughing, "art must get its ideal out of the real. I demand a good, solid, flesh-and-blood Endymion."

"I can't just think of any body," replied Arthur Merlin, musingly, looking upon the floor and thinking so intently of Hope in order to image to himself a proper Endymion that he quite forgot to think of the candidates for that figure.

"How would my young friend Hal Battlebury answer?" asked Lawrence Newt.

"Oh, not at all," replied Arthur, promptly; "he's too light, you know."

"Well, let me see," continued the other, "what do you think of that young Southerner, Sligo Moultrie, who was at Saratoga? I used to think he had some of the feeling for Hope Wayne that Diana wanted in Endymion, and he has the face for a picture."

"Oh, he's not at all the person. He's much too dark, you see," answered Arthur, at once, with remarkable readiness.

"There's Alfred Dinks," said Lawrence Newt, smiling.

"Pish!" said Arthur, conclusively.

"Really, I can not think of any body," returned his companion, with a mock gravity that Arthur probably did not perceive. The young artist was evidently very closely occupied with the composition of his picture. He half closed his eyes as if he saw the canvas distinctly, and said,

"I should represent her just lighting upon the hill, you see, with a rich, moist flush upon her face, a cold splendor just melting into passion, half floating, as she comes, so softly superior, so queenly scornful of all the world but him. Jove! it would make a splendid picture!"

Lawrence Newt looked at his friend as he imagined the condescending Diana. The artist's face was a little raised as he spoke, as if he saw some figure descending. It was rapt in the intensity of fancy, and Lawrence knew perfectly well that he saw Hope Wayne's Endymion before him. But at the same moment his eye fell upon his nephew Abel sitting with a choice company of gay youths at another table. There was instantly a mischievous twinkle in Lawrence Newt's eye.

"Eureka! I have Endymion."

Arthur started and felt a half pang, as if Lawrence Newt had suddenly told him of Miss Wayne's engagement. He came instantly out of the clouds on Latmos where he was dreaming.

"What did you say?" asked he.

"Why, of course, how dull I am; Abel will be your Endymion if you can get him."

"Who is Abel?" inquired Arthur.

"Why my nephew, Abel Don Juan Pelham Newt of Grand Street, and Boniface Newt, Son, & Company, Dry Goods on Commission, Esquire," replied Lawrence Newt, with perfect gravity.

Arthur looked at him bewildered.

"Don't you know my nephew Abel Newt?"

"No, not personally. I've heard of him, of course."

"Well, he's a very handsome young man, and though he be dark he may also be Endymion. Why not? Look at him, there he sits. 'Tis the one just raising the glass to his lips."

Lawrence Newt bent his head as he spoke toward the gay revelers who sat, half a dozen in number, and the oldest not more than twenty-five, all dandies, all men of pleasure, at a neighboring table spread with a profuse and costly feast. Abel was the leader, and at the moment Arthur Merlin and Lawrence Newt turned to look he was telling some anecdote to which they all listened eagerly, while they sipped the red wine of France, poured carefully from a bottle lying upon its side in a basket and delicately coated with dust. Abel, with his glass in his hand and the glittering smile in his eye, told the story with careless grace, as if he were more amused with the listeners' eagerness than with the anecdote itself. The extreme gayety of his life was already rubbing the boyish bloom from his face, but it developed his peculiar beauty more strikingly by removing that incongruous innocence which belongs to every boyish countenance.

As he looked at him, Arthur Merlin was exceedingly impressed by the air of reckless grace in his whole appearance which harmonized so entirely with his face. Lawrence Newt watched his friend as the latter gazed at Abel. Lawrence always saw a great deal whenever he looked any where. Perhaps he perceived the secret dissatisfaction and feeling of sudden alarm which, without any apparent reason, Arthur felt as he looked at Abel.

For will any philosopher be good enough to explain why, when a young artist is so devoted to his profession that, as he solemnly avers, he can never allow his affections to stray from it for a moment, and, pending the composition of a picture of Diana and Endymion, is searching for a proper model of the figure of the lover, and suddenly at dinner in a restaurant chances upon a face so handsome and a figure so graceful that they are evidently just the thing, will any philosopher explain why that young artist should experience a very disagreeable and indescribable emotion?

But the longer Arthur Merlin looked at Abel the more curiously perplexed he was. The feeling which, if he had not been a painter so utterly devoted to his profession that all distractions were impossible, might have been called a nascent jealousy, was gradually merged in a half-consciousness that he had somewhere seen Abel Newt before; but where, and under what circumstances, he could not possibly remember. He watched him steadily, puzzling himself to recall that face.

Suddenly he slapped his hand upon the table. Lawrence Newt, who was looking at him, saw the perplexity of his expression smooth itself away; while Arthur Merlin, with an "oh!" of surprise, satisfaction, and alarm, exclaimed—and his color changed—

"Why, it's Manfred in the Coliseum!"

Lawrence Newt was confounded. Was Arthur, then, not deceiving himself after all? Did he really take an interest in all these people only as a painter, and think of them only as subjects for pictures?

Lawrence Newt was troubled. He had seen in Arthur with delight what he supposed the unconscious beginnings of affection for Hope Wayne. He had pleased himself in bringing them together—of course Amy Waring must be present too, that any *tête-à-tête* which arose might not be interrupted—and had dreamed the most agreeable dreams. He knew Hope—he knew Arthur—it was evidently the hand of Heaven. He had even mentioned it confidentially to Amy Waring, who was profoundly interested, and who charitably did the same offices for Arthur with Hope Wayne that Lawrence Newt did for the young candidates with her. The conversation about the picture of Diana had only confirmed Lawrence Newt in his conviction that Arthur Merlin really loved Hope Wayne, whether he himself knew it or not.

And now he was all wrong, after all! Ridiculous! How could he be?

He tried to persuade himself that he was not. But he could not forget how persistently Arthur had spoken of Hope only as a fine Diana, and how, after evidently being struck with Abel Newt, he had merely exclaimed, with a kind of suppressed excitement, as if he saw what a striking picture he would make, "Manfred in the Coliseum!"

Lawrence Newt drank a glass of wine, thoughtfully. Then he smiled inwardly.

"It is not the first time I have been mistaken," thought he. "I shall have to take Amy Waring's advice about it."

As he and his friend passed the other table, on their way out, Abel nodded to his uncle, and Arthur Merlin made himself very sure that he saw the person whose face so singularly resembled that of Manfred's in the picture he had given Hope Wayne.

"I am all wrong," thought Lawrence Newt, as they passed out into the street.

"Abel Newt, then, is Hope Wayne's somebody," thought Arthur Merlin, as he took his friend's arm.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say this road is the best, and some say dat; but it don't make much difference which road we take, for ven we git dere dey never ask us vich vay we come—and it's none of their pisiness—*if our wheat is good!*"

A year or two since Captain Hackstaff, of Middletown, well known in New York as commander, at one time, of one of the "Black Ball" line of Liverpool packet-ships, was on a visit to that city, and in a conversation with a friend upon the hardships incident to the life of a sailor, said that he never heard of but one man who had a good excuse for going to sea. On being asked who that man was? the Captain replied, "*Noah!* for," said he, "*if the old chap had remained on shore he would have been drowned!*"

"You will observe from this word *Pater*," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. Pater is a father; and here we have patruus, an uncle; and propatruus, a great uncle, on the father's side. Can you make any such change in our language? *Pater, patruus, propatruus*—father: is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?" "I don't think of any," replied young Hopeful, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt."

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—An empty-headed exquisite was present when a young lady was singing a song in which the following lines occur:

"By that fair brow where *innocence* reposes,
Like moonlight resting on the spotless snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner not particularly complimentary, thus:

"By that fair brow *wherein no sense* reposes,
Like moonlight resting on the spotless snow."

A NEW DEFINITION.—"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when ma pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

A PATENT COMPARISON.—Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny-leather boots without soles.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUPID.—Never think of saying Bo to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

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